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THEME—Mothers Of Men.

"And then were the wish of my heart fulfilled,
Round about you the world should build
A wall of wisdom with Truth for its Tower,
Where mind and body would wax in power
Till the tender twig was a splendid tree,
Dear little Mothers of Men to be.

It is only a dream, but the world grows wise,
And a mighty truth in the dream seed lies,
That shall gladden the earth in its time and place,
WE MUST BETTER THE MOTHERS TO BETTER THE RACE."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

BIBLE READING—Proverbs 31:10-31.

ROLL CALL—Name one of the tribes in the Sudan, among whom no mission work is be'ng carried on.

(Note. There are almost 150 tribes in the Sudan, and these are distributed in the fourteen provinces. For the sake of brevity, only the tribes located in one of the provinces, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, are given.)

Tribes. Dinka, Nuer, Shir, Bari, Mandari, Moru, Avukaiya, Niambara, Fajelu, Kakwa, Mundu, Makraka, Kuku, Madi, Acholi, Lango, Latuka, Berri, Lokoia Boya, Dodinga, Taposa.

TOPICS.

Editorial, The Black Women's Idea Regarding Motherhood.	
Mothers Who Know Not The Truth.	MRS. H. B. RIVINGTON.
Sudanese Women As Seen Twenty Years Ago.	MRS. J. K. GIFFEN.
The Dinka Mother.	MRS. R. TRUDINGER.
The Unreached Anuak Mother.	MRS. P. J. SMITH.
A Nuer Mother's Daily Duties.	MRS. W. J. ADAIR.
Shulla Women As Seen Twenty Years Ago.	MRS. J. K. GIFFEN.
A Shulls Mother's Home Life.	MRS. C. B. GUTHRIE.
A Pagan Mother In Sorrow.	MRS. J. S. MAXWELL.
A Heathen Mother's Superstition.	MRS. D. S. OYLER.
What Has Been Done For The Mothers.	VARIOUS MISSIONARIES.

THE BLACK WOMEN'S IDEA OF MOTHERHOOD.

By Mrs. David Oyler, Editor for the Sudan Mission.

IN this issue of the magazine your representatives in the Sudan are endeavouring to present to you by word and picture, THE MOTHERS OF THE SUDAN, with their joys and sorrows, and with their lives dominated by the fear of the grave, without the glorious hope of the empty tomb at Calvary.

In thinking of the black woman, and her ideas of motherhood, let us forget the twentieth century and all its wisdom, and consider the mind of the human race when it was young in the world. We think of the mothers of Africa as grown women, and so they are in stature for many of them are of a size to inspire wonder, but mentally they are mere children. That does not mean that they are ignorant of vice for in this land there are few homes where privacy is respected, and even while quite young many of the children know more of vice and dissipation than we can realize.

The mothers of the Sudan look at life through eyes such as a little girl in America, playing with her family of dolls. We must remember that we are dealing with a race whose women still have in their hearts the impress of the early command, "Be fruitful, and replenish the earth." In dealing with them we are in the times of Jacob and his wives, when each vied with the other in seeking to give to her husband children to make his love for the fortunate one greater and more enduring. Many a dark-skinned woman in Africa today, enjoys the favor of her husband because she has born him children.

These women of Africa are akin to Hanna, and many of them can appreciate her loneliness of soul. Many a woman in the Northern Sudan has made a pilgrimage to some tomb or holy place, or offered rich offerings to some religious teacher or sheikh, hoping thereby to have her wishes gratified. Like Hanna of old, more than one woman in the Southern Sudan, has gone to some sacred house where the spirit of Nyikang, or Kott, or Dengdit are supposed to dwell, and taking a handful of grass or twigs, has swept the earth floor, meanwhile offering a petition that the desires of her heart may be granted. And like Hanna of old, they see more of glory in parenthood than in the lesser things of life which are sometimes offered as excuses, in civilized countries, for evading this responsibility.

Birth control is seldom practiced in the Sudan. The black girl looks forward to motherhood, and she sees no greater joy in store for her, than to be the mother of a little one. Her games all look forward to being a home-maker, for she imitates her mother in all her daily routine. The little girl carries water as her mother does, or she makes bread, or she prepares food to set before her family.

The black woman is ambitious for children, and there are different reasons prompting her to this desire. It gives her a precedence over other wives, who may not be so fortunate. She is hence forth a woman to be looked up to. A childless matron cannot carry the respect of the community, and if they were seeking to have a prayer answered for such a woman they would pray that a little child might be given to her. They long for that joy in their own lives, and they see no reason why they may not pray for the same joy in the life of other women. If a woman bears her husband no children he has the right to

cast her off. She is valuable to her husband, in the Southern Sudan, because she is giving him sons to fight shoulder to shoulder with him in their feudal battles, or else she is giving him daughters to enrich him by the dowries which the father receives, when they in turn become married. Children also bring to the mother the assurance of the future. Before her lies the time when she will be too old to bear children, and if her husband casts her off for a more desirable wife, she knows that her children will provide a home for her.

The question arises, are these women of the Sudan good mothers? We must admit that if loving children, and doing all in their power for them, constitutes motherhood, then the black women are good mothers. So often however, their motherhood is weakened because their ignorance and superstition is so great. The black woman loves her children, and yet her position is not such as to make her a good mother in the best sense of the word. She watches over her children, and stands ready to give them her all, even her life if need be. She weeps and mourns over her departed children because she knows nothing of the true source of comfort. She dismally defeats her own aims and desires by her dense ignorance, and her tenacity in adhering to the customs of her ancestors. We who are working among these mothers of the Sudan, and you who are upholding us by your gifts and your prayers, know that THE LIGHT AND THE GOSPEL IS THE GREATEST NEED IN THE LIVES OF THESE BLACK WOMEN TO MAKE THEM TRUE MOTHERS.

MOTHERS WHO KNOW NOT THE TRUTH

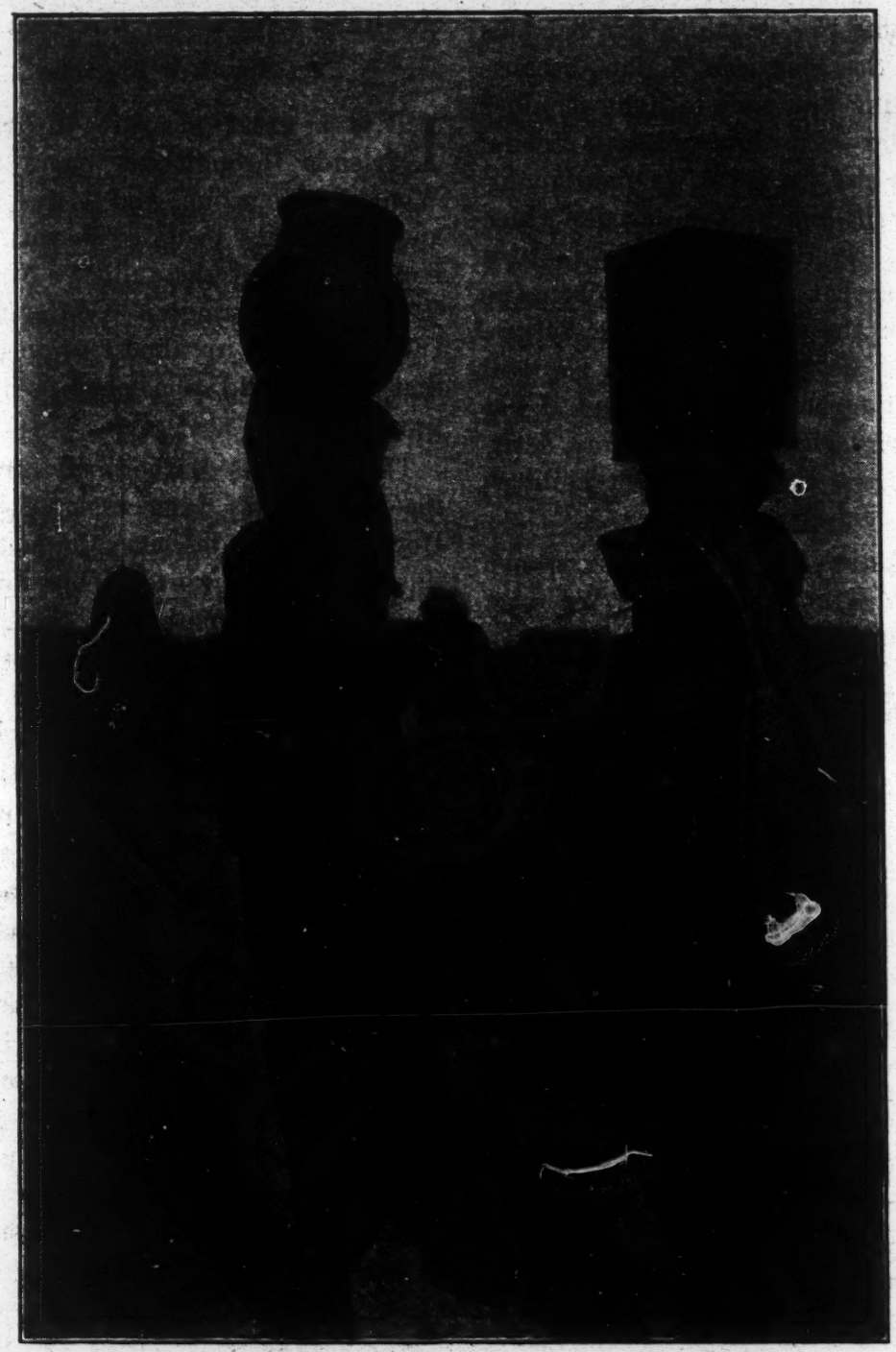
By Mrs. H. B. Rivington.

IT is a great pleasure to greet old friends through the pages of The Women's Magazine, and I was glad of an opportunity to do so in this article. I often think of the audience of 800, at the New Wilmington Conference, of 1916, who rose up almost as one, to say that they would remember us in their prayers.

The subject, "Mothers who know not the truth" has been assigned to me. How aptly that describes the mothers in this part of the world. One could say much about the mothers in the southern part of the Sudan, but since my work has been in the north, I should like to tell you just a little about the dense ignorance and the gross superstition of the women in Omdurman and vicinity.

Looking at customs from a medical standpoint, it seems to me, as a nurse, that the most brutal custom practiced is that of the circumcision of girls, a custom that is too dreadful to describe in the pages of this magazine. Hand in hand with this custom are those which are performed at childbirth. As we hear of one after another of the girls being circumcised, or of a young mother who has given birth to her first child, we wonder that any of them live through either ordeal.

Another custom, which all Mohammedans observe, is that of wearing charms to keep off the evil eye. A tiny leather case containing a quotation from the Koran, and hung around the baby's neck; or some article which some holy man has touched, serves to keep the baby fit. It never seems to occur to them that common sense and care, are needed more than anything else, in order to have healthy children.



TYPICAL WOMEN AND MOTHERS OF OMDURMAN

Courtesy of the Foreign Board.

We were once travelling with a government official, when we met a train containing a holy man. Our friend felt that it was his duty to salute this man, who had been very loyal to the government. He told the holy man that he was afraid that some one in the immense crowd, which had thronged the line, and crowded the train (it was dark) might be killed by accident. The holy man answered, "Oh, I'll take all responsibility for that!" The natives crowded around his private car, and handed in through the windows various articles to be touched by him, but he was too busy with his guest to be bothered. So they were handed in at one window, and out at the other by his attendants, and those

articles are probably being carried about with the utmost of care and reverence because they were "blessed," and no doubt any good fortune in the neighborhood is attributed to the blessing they impart.

The following quotations from the evidence of two cases tried by the government administrators will show that superstition is not always as harmless as the above. In each case the accused was tried for murder, the result of attempts to cure madness, on the part of impostors imposing on the superstitions of the people. The first quotation is an extract from part of the evidence of the trial.

The second witness, mother of the dead girl stated; "My daughter became ill three months ago. We took her to Um Barud (a certain woman) to make her well, but she failed. The accused then came up, and began beating my daughter with a kurbag (hide whip). I began screaming. My husband asked me why I was screaming. I said, 'This man has just beaten my daughter.' My husband asked him why he had done so, and he replied, 'Because she has a foreign devil, a Christian one, in her, who will not come out except by beating.' My husband asked him, 'Do you know how to cast them out?' He said that he did. My husband took ten piasters (fifty cents) from me, and gave the money to the accused. He took me with him to the market, and bought some perfumes, and said, 'This is what the foreign devils want.' Then he went to our village, the girl walking with us, because he beat her until she was willing to go. There he smoked her with the smoke from the perfumes which we had bought, and then that failed. He then said they were not ordinary devils, but that they were of the worst kind. I said if this were true then we would look for some one else to treat her. He then said he could cure her. And then he began beating her again. Finally we told him that he must not beat her any more. We agreed to stop it, and said that the beating was of no use. This was on the last morning. That morning he started to take her out of the village into the open country. I followed them. He then started squeezing her throat with his hands, and striking the front of her throat with the side of his hand. I protested that he would kill her. Her feet were kicking spasmodically by this time, and this shifted the clothes off her, and she was naked. I went and tried to put her clothes on her. He struck at me with his whip, and said, 'Woman, are you trying to prevent me from curing her? I swear by El Hindi she will be alright now. The devils have left her.' Just then from the distance, my husband shouted to me to come and fill the water skins with water, and I went. I was anxious, and ill at ease, and did so hastily, in order to return to my daughter. As I went back I met the accused carrying her. He said, 'She will be alright now.' He carried her into the house, and sat down by her side, and rubbed her feet and hands, saying, 'The devils have left her. She will be alright now. 'The people told him that she was dead, but he denied it. He had placed her on a bed about sunset, and he sat on it himself. It was not until about midnight that he was willing to admit that life had passed from her."

By Court; "Was the beating very severe?"

Answer; "Yes, her body was bruised, and cut, and the new strokes on the old would bring out pus, from the wounds. One day while I was away she was tied by her hands to a tree stump, for the beating. She had black marks at the side

of the throat afterwards, from the throttling."

By Court; "When you saw the throttling, Why did you not scream for other people?"

Answer; "He struck me with his whip, and said, 'Don't let the devils get the better of us. Let us show them that we are stronger than they.' So I believed him."

The second case was also a murder trial, and as in the first case, the chief

The women of the Sudan carry the family wash to the river in a large, round, shallow pan.

witness was a woman. Her testimony was as follows, "I know nothing of the accused. He came to our village. He said to me, 'I saw a boy sitting in that big house. There is a devil dwelling in his house.' I said, 'Are you a fiki?' (A fiki is a Mohammedan teacher of the second order—sort of an under graduate.) The man said, 'Thank God, I have three familiar spirits, one who is a foreign one, and the other two are natives. Then I have three fikis who pray for me. I fight devils, and am gifted with the power to see them.' I said to him, 'If you really fight devils, come to my house and cure my son.' My son was a boy nearly of age, and usually of sound health, but at times he had fits, and was as one asleep for an hour or so. He used to twitch, and then go to sleep, and when he woke up again, he was well. He was quite responsible, but did not work, though he could run small errands. My husband was out. I asked the accused to wait till he came in. When my husband returned he consented to allow the accused to cure our son, provided he was genuine."

"The accused then said, 'Bring a whip. We will get the familiar ready.' He brought a whip, and commenced beating the boy on the head. I said, 'Don't do that.' He said, 'I will make the familiar get off his head. You must let me do as I like.' He took the boy away with him, beating him on his head and body. He took him out and brought him back, still beating him. I said, 'I can not stand it. Stop beating him.' He said, 'You have seen the devil come off the boy's head, and you want to cheat me of my pay.' He then said, 'Bring two chickens, one of which must be a white one. I will sacrifice them for the familiars. Then his father must get some hyena dung, and anoint him with it.' Then he took the chickens, and led the boy out into the open country, saying he would take him out to a certain tree, and do the ordinary rites, and return with him."

"He took him up the hill. I was waiting in his house. Then he returned, dragging the boy by the leg, along the ground. He left him half way up the hill, and came into the village. He said,

'The boy fainted. I could not bring him in. Come and fetch him. 'I took some water in a bowl, and the little boys showed me where he lay. He was lying on his back, with his mouth open, stone dead. His body was covered with scars. You could not put a blade of grass on his head, without touching a whip mark. He had dragged the boy down the hill, and his head was bruised to a pulp. I screamed. The villagers came out, and fetched him and brought him into the village.''

to the Rev. Rivington, a Church of England clergy man, was Miss Emma McKeown, a missionary under our Women's Board.

SUDANESE WOMEN AS SEEN TWENTY YEARS AGO.

By Mrs. J. K. Giffen.

THE following is a quotation from Mrs. Giffen's diary, as given in ''The Egyptian Sudan,'' which was published in 1903. Those who have not read the book should certainly avail

WOMEN TRAVELING IN KORDOFAN.

The two cases above are taken from ''The Sudan Notes and Records,'' a semi-yearly magazine, published in the interests of the Sudan.

The work of the missionary societies has made great inroads into the ''jungles of superstition and terror'' of the Sudanese. Education and government by Christian officials have also done their part, but there still remains ''much land to be possessed.''

Note.—Mrs. Rivington, before her marriage

themselves of the opportunity, as soon as possible. In this extract, Mrs. Giffen is describing the women in the Northern Sudan.

''All the women have their hair done up in hundreds of tight, little braids and oiled with fat, tallow, I think it is, until, when they sit in the sun, the grease runs down their faces. One has much more charity for this hair-oiling custom after spending a time in this dry climate, especially in that of Omdurman, for in

the dry heat one's hair becomes so dry it almost breaks off.

"These little braids into which they arrange their hair were a curiosity at first. No woman can comb her own hair. They have it done up about once a month, and it is more than an all day job. First, the ointment must be mixed. I do not know all the ingredients, but there are powdered cloves and cinnamon, oil of sandalwood, attar of roses, and some sort of fat or oil."

"Then the old ointment must be washed out, new rubbed in, new braids made, which in this short woolly hair is no easy matter either for the operator or the one operated upon, strings are braided to the natural hair to seemingly increase its length, and then a rich plaster of ointment is spread over the finished work of art. Even Egyptian women who have lived long in the Sudan follow the fashion in a modified form."

"The oiling of the body has an excuse in the dryness of the climate, and while they no doubt do use for this purpose, when they must, castor oil with its natural perfume, this is not their choice. Ordinarily the oil is highly scented, and not in the least unpleasant if it has not been worn too long. Even the babies are oiled. They wear never a stitch of clothing except a string of beads. The babies of the poor, whose mothers must work are tied to their mothers' backs, and the bare little heads bob up and down in the hot sun, as the mothers carry their loads on their heads or shoulders, or go about their work, and often the babies go to sleep.

THE DINKA MOTHER

By Mrs. R. Trudinger.

IT is early morning; the sun has not yet risen, but some of the Dinka mothers have. They are sitting outside of their huts, and each mother has a gourd of milk on her knee, which she rocks to and fro, and twirls round and round. What is she doing? She is churning. The Dinkas do not churn the cream only, but the whole of the milk. The butter comes as liquid fat on top of the milk.

Now the sun is up, and father and children think it is time for them to be up, too. The little girl of about eight years, is sent to the river with the water pot to fetch water, (where there is no river, and the water hole is about two or three hours distant, as it often is, mother goes for the water herself.) Another little child of about four to six, looks after the baby, while the mother cooks the porridge for the first meal. She has pounded the corn, and ground it, the day before.

While the porridge is cooking, baby has its bath. But where are the towel, soap, bath-tub, etc.? Dear me, a Dinka mother does not require all these things. Surely water is all one needs for a bath. She has a gourd of water beside her, takes a mouthful of it, then squirts it from her mouth over the baby, washing the little one with her hands. Then baby is left out in the sun to dry. How simple!

A Dinka mother loves her children, girls as well as boys, and twins are considered especially lucky. Dinka parents are far-seeing enough to realize that it pays to bring up children well, for the use they will be afterwards. In the case of boys, in looking after the flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle; and in the

case of girls, in the various duties about the house, and later on in the cattle they will bring in, when married.

Young women about to be confined, always go back to their mother's village, where their mother attends to them through the trying period. Similiary in any illness, the young wife goes at once to her mother's village. If she lives too far away to allow of her going, or if her mother is dead, the young woman does not get looked after properly, at all. Her neighbors say, "She is a poor body. She has no one to attend to her." And so they leave her to get well as best she can.

It is the custom when a child is born, for friends and relatives to bring little presents. These are mostly ornaments worn about the neck or arms, and very often they are charms to keep away some particular evil. Often one sees small infants, wearing necklaces consisting of about half a dozen charms, all strung together, and all birth presents designed to protect the youngsters from all the ills the flesh is heir to. We look forward to the time when the Dinka mothers will not desire these charms for their little ones, but will commit them to the Lord Jesus, for his protection and care.

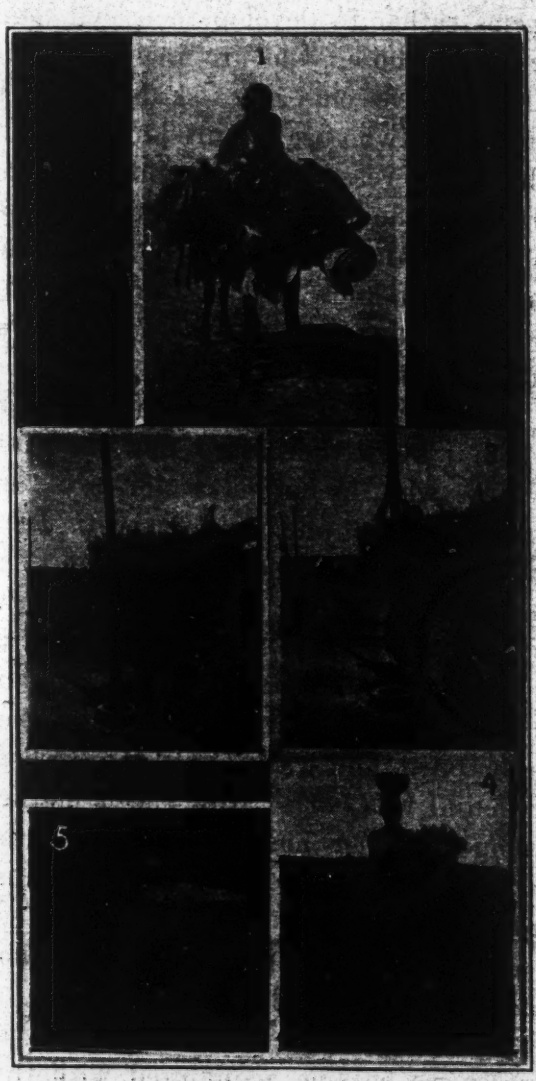
Note.—Mrs. Trudinger is the wife of Dr. Trudinger, of Melut, Sudan. They are Australian missionaries, and in spite of many handicaps, are doing wonderful medical work.

THE UNREACHED ANUAK MOTHERS

By Mrs. P. J. Smith.

THE Anuak tribe is located on the upper reaches of the Sobat, and its tributaries, towards Abyssinia. As yet we have little contact with them. There are however, a few Anuak villages along the river bank just below Nasser, and on the other side of the river.

In former years the Anuak tribe was often raided by the Nuers, and the women and children were brought back as slaves. With the advent of the British government they were given the op-



A NUER MOTHER'S DAILY DUTIES

1. Native travelling in Kordofan.
2. Pounding durra, Nasser.
3. Pounding durra, Nasser.
4. Anuak woman Nasser. She has a large gourd full of durra taking it to sell to the Arab merchants.
5. Getting the noondoy meal, Nasser.

portunity of freedom. Many chose to stay with the Nuers, as they had married and become a part of the tribe, instead of being treated as slaves. Some of them accepted the government's offer and returned to the Anuak country. The Anuak settlement near Nasser is made up of these former slaves, or children of

former slaves. Practically all of the women and girls work, or have worked, for the Arab merchants, who also have quite a settlement here. This contact with the merchants never improves them, but seems rather to develop their evil tendencies. Those, who are inclined to be dishonest, become more skilled in their art; those, who use impure language, are able to increase their vocabulary along this line; the immoral have daily temptations placed before them. So the Anuak mothers we know here, are probably not as the Anuak mothers in their natural environments.

As I think of the ones among them whom I know the best, I find very few if any, who do not have stories of improper conduct on their life sheet. Here is Nyamut, the mother of Caricone. The very name of the child, which is the word used for civil prison, leads one to the question, "Why the name?" Nyamut was untrue to her husband. He had her imprisoned, and while she was in prison, the child was born. Now she is neither living with her husband, nor with the father of her child, but has another husband.

Just now there is an Anuak father here, an old friend of ours, telling us his troubles. When we first came to Nasser we became acquainted with this man Tong and his wife, Nyawar. They lived near us, and the death of three of their children within two years, drew us especially close to them, particularly as one of these children, a four year old boy, was a great favorite of ours. One day the father and mother quarreled. Doubtless it was not the first time. Temper overcame discretion, and he cursed his father-in-law's young wife. Now a man may curse his wife or children, but to curse his mother-in-law seems to be a terrible crime. While this was probably not the real reason, yet it was the excuse for the wife refusing to be his wife any longer. Her brother upheld her in this, and now for many months she has been living with another man; nor is she any longer the friendly, likeable woman that she was. When we have a Bible story in her village, she pays little attention, and is more superstitious, and more a slave of the medicine man, than ever before.

There is also Nyamon. Such a quiet, womanly sort of a person she was, that no one would have suspected that she was secretly being courted, and was planning to leave her elderly husband for a young one. So far as her children were concerned, it made little difference, because they spent most of the time at her mother's house, anyway.

These Anuak mothers, even the best of them, are such blind mothers. Every day they send their daughters up to the merchants to work. They begin work as sweet, pure, dear, little girls, but do not often remain in that condition. These foolish fathers and mothers love the money that their daughters earn. They seem not to understand that very often, in addition to the money, there comes disease to their daughters, disease that may prevent them from reaching the highest plane for Anuak women, —*Motherhood*. Nyantuk, daughter of Nyawar and Tong above, used often to come to the mission. She knew the Lord's Prayer, and was much interested in our little school. But now we seldom see her. She works for the merchants, and has not much inclination to be here.

On a few of these people we have a better hold. We are especially interested in Nyandot just now. Her husband, Wendit, was baptized a few weeks ago. Her younger son, Bulle, and her daughter, Nyagog, attend school regular-

ly. We are able to get her and a few of the other women, with their children, to attend Church. Part of our work is village visiting. We go to a group of houses, and spend ten or fifteen minutes there in singing, giving a little talk, and praying. Most of the Anuak women listen quietly and attentively when we visit their villages.

Will you not pray with us that we may bring these women to the feet of Christ? Satan is trying to use this Anuak settlement, these days, to frustrate the work of the Holy Spirit here at the mission. Are we, through failing to pray, going to allow Satan to win out?

A NUER MOTHER'S DAILY DUTIES.

By Mrs. W. J. Adair.

"WAKE up, Na Moon, and hold the baby. Be sure to keep her from rolling into the fire. Last night when I awoke I found her with one of her hands almost in the hot smudge." The mother made the beds by rolling up several cow-skins, and sticking the wooden pillows into the grass roof. Then she put her water jar on her head, and carrying her pipe in her hand, hurried out to join a number of other women who were passing on their way to the river. The little girl rocked the baby gently on her knees until it fell asleep, and then laid it in its basket. She took the crude broom and swept the house and the yard in front. The father sat outside the door, in the sun, cleaning his teeth with manure ashes. His body was covered with the ashes that he had put on the night before. The Nuer believes that any thing from his precious cow will make him stronger, and braver. Later in the day he may take a bath in the river, or he may just sweat it off.

The women at the river, filling their water jars, exchanged daily gossip. One say, "My sister came last night. Her husband had given her a heavy beating, and she ran away. He has done it many times lately because he is very angry with her. She has born him no children so he threatens to divorce her, and call back the cows he paid for her three years ago." Another young mother says her baby is cutting its teeth. She intends going to an old Nuer woman, who is a baby doctor, and have the child's gums cut to help (?(the teeth along. Another one says, "Na Quoth, I hear that Twol's baby is with Mrs. Smith since Na Deng died. Why didn't you take it? Are you not its aunt?" Na Quoth replied, "I take it? I have my own baby to feed. My body is always tired anyway. I said the baby could just die, and be buried beside its mother. I said there was no one to nurse it, and the cows are not furnishing milk now." The other woman said, "I saw the baby with Mrs. Smith last evening. She had clothes on it, and carried it as though she loved it." One woman asks Na Quoth, "How does she feed it?" Na Quoth replies, "Twol says she has bottles with queer things on the ends, through which the baby gets its milk. He seems to enjoy them, too. He looks like he is growing. May be he will live after all."

Kad, Na Quoth's husband, had joined the men at the near-by barn. As soon as she returned with the water, she began at once to prepare food. Some grain that had been soaked over night, was put on a flat stone, and rolled a bit at a time. A fire was started outside the door, and water brought to a boil, cornstalks being used for fuel. The wet meal added slowly to the water, and as it thickened, was stirred constantly. It was cooked half an hour or more. Na Quoth sat

stirring with her forked stick, and by propping her long pipe just right, managed a good smoke at the same time. The baby fussed for its mother, so she managed it also, holding it across her knees, while it enjoyed more food. Oh, yes, baby must nurse whenever she is hungry.

When the food was finished the greater portion was set inside the house, with spoons (clams shells) near at hand. Men are never seen eating food. They eat inside the house, often with the door closed. The father seemed to know when the food was ready, by the sun, and appeared bringing a friend with whom he shared the food. The mother and children ate what was left, and cleaned the dishes. Sometimes there is a bit of milk or fish soup to pour over this mush, but more often it is eaten straight. After this fore-noon meal Na Quoth has time to make some grass rope. This is used for tieing in roofing houses. She brought in this grass from the swampy places, at the close of the rainy season. She may sell the finished rope to the American Mission, for they use a great deal of it in roofing their houses.

Another trip was made to the river about two o'clock. There Na Quoth meets a friend from a distant village. They greet each other, and Na Quoth asked, "What did you come here for?" The girl replied, "My eyes have been very bad for two years. My brother was tired of waiting to get me married off. He wants cows to buy him a wife, and no one will pay cows for a blind girl. We heard of the great cures of this doctor, at the place of Jesus, so we came and brought a sheep. He cut my eyes four days ago, and said for me to stay here a month for treatment, and then I would be well." Na Quoth replied, "Yes, may be your eyes will get well. You are a very big girl, and ought to be married."

The girl asked, "And how are you, Na Quoth? Who is your present husband? Did you finally consent to live with your old husband's son?" Na Quoth said, "Yes, I am with him now. I refused him many years, lived with my mother, and had several free husbands. Mother died, and my baby girl died also, and I had no place to go. My brother said I must accept Kad." While the women were talking they took their daily baths. Na Quoth said," I must hurry home now for only the children are at the house, and something might happen to the baby." Upon her arrival at the house she began at once to pound dura (kaffir corn). The grain is put in a plastered hole in the ground, and is pounded with a long, heavy pole. After several quarts have been partly pounded she sat on the ground, and with a flat, woven dish sifted or separated the bran, the meal and the flour. The grain that needs more pounding was put back in the hole, more is added, and the process was continued. The final result was a cereal like "Cream Of Wheat," , fine, light brown flour, and some bran. No machine could please these women, or do the work so well.

While Na Quoth is busy with her pounding, a neighbor appears. "Good evening, Na Quoth, I want to borrow a rial (fifty cents) from you. No, do not say that you haven't any, for did not I see you take some rope to sell yesterday? I will return the money when I sell my next jar of kong (native beer). Am I not your friend? Did not I loan you more than that last month for tobacco? (She got the money). I am going to Dr. Maxwell for an injection tomorrow, and did not have enough money. You know how tired I have been, and sore,

and full of aches, and the doctor says that I need injections to cure me of top (yaws) that I have caught somewhere." Na Quoth replies, Would not it be nice if we did not have to pay for the medicine, but still we are obliged to pay much more to our medicine men, and they seldom help us any, so this is better after all" The neighbor says, "Yes, that is true. I wish I had taken Lam to the mission doctor several years ago, for now one of his eyes is blind, and he is scolding about it. He can see as well as the other children at the mission school. He seems to be learning a lot of new things there. I do not see what all these 'b,' 'm,' 't' sounds mean, but he says that some of the other children are already making Nuer words out of them." The children were listening to all this, and eagerly replied that "Mon Mary" (Mrs. Smith) says that soon some of them will be reading the words of Jesus for themselves. The mention of school suggested playing school to the children so they sang songs, played kindergarten games, and wrote characters on their black skins. Finally Abuk, the girl who had had her eyes operated on, said, "I must go home now for it is late, and it is time to cook supper. You know how very cross father gets when the food is late."

Na Quoth having finished her pounding, prepared the evening meal. When it is done and set in the house to cool, she and the children clean the kettles. The father brought home two visitors, who must be fed, so all that was to have been for the mother and the children was given to them to eat, after she had cooked it. When the men had eaten, Na Quoth put the baby in its basket, and then hurried to get the beds made and the mosquito smudge built in the center of the house before it was dark. She is tired, but not unhappy, for the husband had not scolded all day, and the children were well. She listened to the talk of the men, as they sat outside. One told of a traveller who had visited their village a month ago. He said, "at first we thought the man was a government officer, but he said he was a messenger of Jesus, and asked us to sing with him. After the songs, an old woman said that she had heard those words last year, at the place of Jesus medicine, and asked him if he was 'Jugliet' (Mr. Smith). He told us about a God in heaven. Some of us thought that he might be talking about 'Deng' our god in the sky, but when we asked him he said; 'No, I do not know any Deng. I know only Jesus. He died for my sins, and now he keeps me from fear, and harm, and sin. He gives me food, and health. I love Him, and want you to know Him, and love Him.' How strange it all sounded."

"Yes," said Kad, "The mission people tell us all this and more. Some of The Nuers are believing their words, also. There are forty-six who claim to be persons of Jesus. Maybe there is truth in these words. I am not sure."

Na Quoth calls out, "Tomorrow is Jesus day. We can go to His house, and hear more about Him. The beds are ready now." All go inside, the woven grass door is closed, and securely tied to keep out mosquitoes, enemies, and evil spirits, and all rest for the night.

SHULLA WOMEN AS SEEN TWENTY YEARS AGO

By Mrs. J. K. Giffen.

BELOW you will find the description Mrs. Giffen gives in "The Egyptian Sudan" of the Shulla women. This quotation, and the one describing the women in the Northern Sudan, are as

true to life today, as they were twenty years ago, when the book was written by Dr. Giffen.—Editor.

"The women are strong and well-formed. The young ones are rather pretty for all their black skins, or perhaps because of their black skins, which are so soft and smooth. The old women, like some of the rest of us, are not so fair to look upon. They shave their heads and across their forheads, where wrinkles come, they have from one to three rows of scars. (Tribal marks, which are beneficial, the natives say, in increasing their beauty.) Their ears are pierced at the top, and they wear rings of brass or iron. Sometimes you see them with bits of wood, or stalks of grass, as thick as a lead pencil, in these holes."

"The four front teeth in the lower jaw are almost invariably extracted. This gives rather an odd and aged appearance even to the young. (Some say this is done to show subjection to the king, while others declare it helps to make their eyes prettier.)—"

"As regards the clothes of the women, first of all there is the apron. This is a piece of coarse cloth, originally white, about two feet long and eighteen inches wide. It is made of two thicknesses, and it is tied by strings fastened to two corners around the waist, but just below the abdomen, and falls down to the knees."

"Then there are two skins, of sheep, goat, calf, gazelle, or whatever it may be, tanned with the hair on, and worn with the hair side out. One of these is tied around the waist, using one fore leg and one hind leg of the skin for strings to tie with. The tail and the other two legs, or the skin of them, dangle and flap around the legs as ornaments. Indeed these are sometimes ornamented with beads, brass or iron rings. This skin is tied in front so as to show the white (?) apron underneath."

SHULLUK WOMEN, TONGA.

"The other skin is worn on the upper part of the body. The fore and hind legs on one side are fastened together at their very tips, this is then slipped over the head, the legs of the skin thus tied together resting on the right shoulder, and the other passing under the left arm. This is the full dress of a woman. Of course in addition to this they may wear as many beads and other ornaments as they can afford; strings of beads about the waist, neck, and arms, and armlets of brass; sometimes as many as ten or twelve brass or iron rings, weighing several pounds, and extending from the hand half way to the elbow. These are not loose, but drawn tight to the flesh, and each made fast by the blacksmith. What delight they can find in wearing these, I can not imagine, unless they are doing some sort of penance. They surely would answer very well for mortifying the flesh, but I doubt their efficacy in working grace in the heart. Similar rings of iron are worn by the older women on the ankle. These are very heavy and produce great knots in the flesh."

"The little girls wear the apron only, and when a little older put on the shoulder skin, and when full grown (i. e. when they became engaged) wear the skin about the waist. I should mention that a bell among them is often distinguished by having small sleigh-bells attached to the waist skin—shall I call it skirts?—so fastened about the lower edge that they jingle as she walks."

"They have rather large hands and feet, but one thing very noticeable both here and in Omdurman, all black women, who go almost naked, have the fashionable form very pronounced. So you see we are not entirely out of fashion even in the Sudan. And the way these people do walk! You would think they all belonged to royalty."

"The women, too, much to my disgust, are given to the use of tobacco, both chewing and smoking, so much so that I felt like mentioning the pipe as among the articles of clothing. The pipe, which is made of clay and is as large as a teacup, has a long stem, crowned with a small gourd for a mouth piece. Every where they go they carry this pipe and draw at it in quick jerks, even when they have neither tobacco nor fire. And sometimes in lieu of tobacco they go to our fire and fill the pipe with live wood coals, which seem to quite satisfy them. The first time we saw them do this we were alarmed, but as there seemed to be no evil results we ceased to feel anxious."

"The chewing habit, which is more prevalent among the girls and young women, is much more annoying to me, and the wad is so large that it even disfigures them."

A SHULLA MOTHER'S HOME LIFE

By Mrs. C. B. Guthrie.

IN the days when King Yor reigned in the Shulla country there was a great hunger. Many people died during this famine, and their bodies were thrown out to the birds and the beasts because none of their relatives would bury them. At that time little girls were given in marriage for three or four cows, in order to save the households of their fathers from starvation. Only in extreme cases of this sort have such marriages been contracted, and now child marriages are very uncommon.

A Shulla girl is usually married in early adolescence. There is no fixed time, but when all financial arrangements have been completed it is left more or less to the option of the two interested parties. Marriage is looked forward to from childhood. Almost without excep-

tion all the young Shulla women marry, the blind and halt are not debarred. Those who are mentally unsound, or invalids, do not marry, nor do the daughters of the king. According to native custom they do not marry, but live lives of open sin. Wherever they are scattered through out the country, their houses are literally houses of ill-fame. I have been told that the present king urges these young women to marry, but they refuse. A custom like that is not quickly changed, since it is a means of wealth, but the attitude of the king is a step in the right direction.

One of our young men gave the following as the requisites of a good wife. She must be physically strong, a good cook, hospitable, industrious, neat in person, carful in conduct, and be quiet. Were many of these qualities duplicated in the husband, one might conceive of a fairly happy home in this land. Partly because these attributes are lacking in one or the other, or in both, much unhappiness is common.

When the eager young suitor has found the one who, in the opinion of friends, answers the above description, and when the required number of cattle have been paid, and the woman has consented to come, he takes her to his village to live. If she be his first wife she lives in his own house; if a second or third wife she is given a house by herself in the same village, but occupies a position of less importance than the first wife, who in addition to having the privilege of cooking his food is made the custodian of his worldly goods.

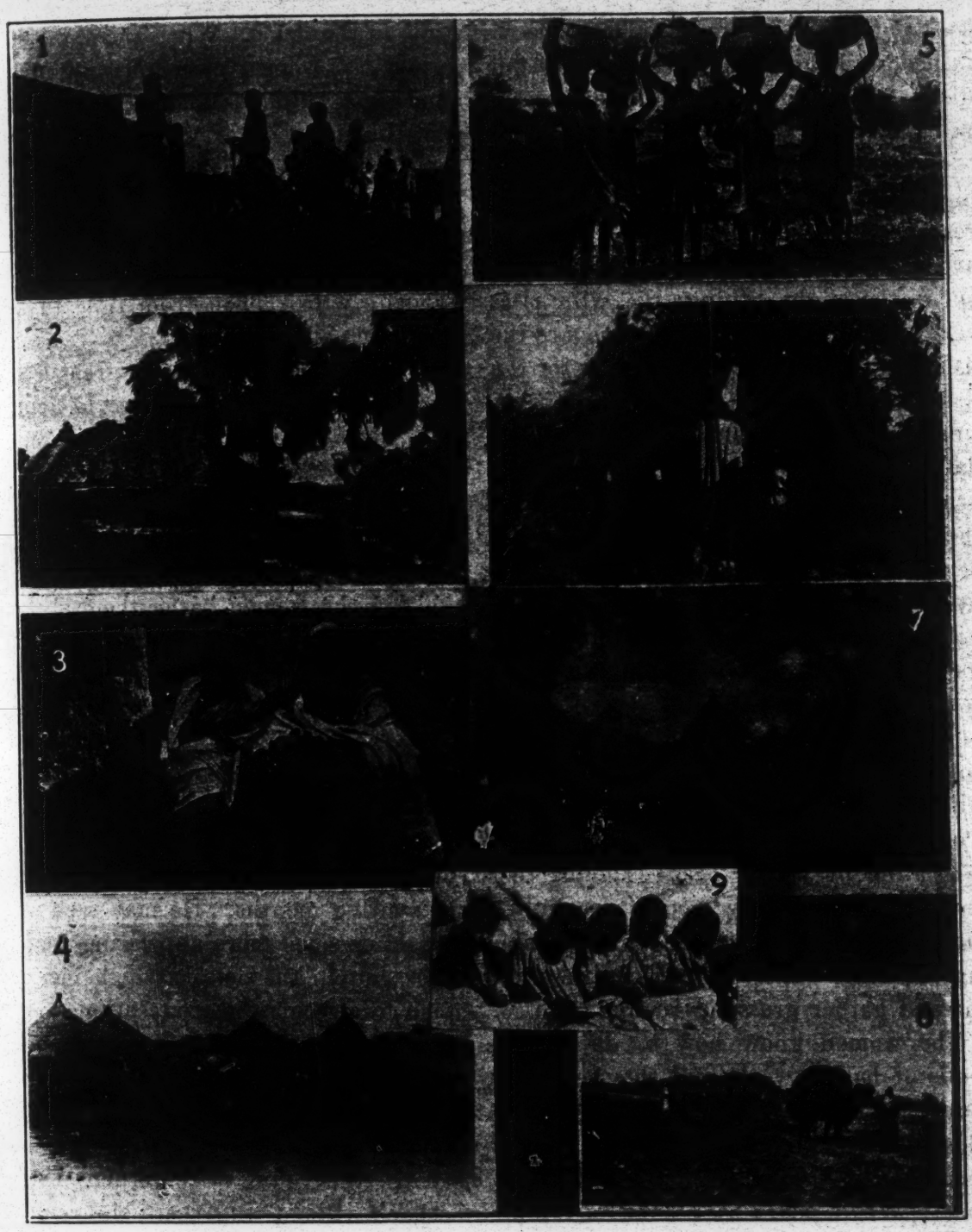
Immediately the new wife begins her household duties. One of the first is akin to house cleaning. The house walls are cleansed with a coating of fresh mud plaster, put on with the hands, The floor, too, is re-mudded, and the house cleaning is finished. This mudding is done again and again as the needs require. It may be as often as every two or three weeks. The right kind of earth for such work is sought for, and she may bring it from some distance.

The new wife is supposed to have learned the art of cooking before she is married. If she does not cook well she incurs the displeasure of her husband at the start. Having none of the conveniences of modern house-wives, cooking two meals a day involves many processes, and a lot of hard work. The wood must be cut, gathered, and chopped; or cornstalks or their equivalent must be provided instead. All cooking is done over an open fire. This is sometimes built in the house, which serves as a kitchen, or in the court outside.

Kaffir corn, which is their main food product, is treated in various ways. It may be cooked whole in water, and eaten thus if a hasty meal is desired, but usually it is ground with a mortar and pestle, or with a grinding stone. The mortar is a hole in the mud floor, which is made hard and firm by plastering with a certain kind of mud. The pestle consists of a straight, young sapling, about three inches in diameter, and seven or eight feet long. The grain is finely ground or else left rather coarse, according to the dish which they plan to make. They have a means of sifting it when that is required.

Nearly every household makes a drink from the grain, which satisfies hunger when the regular food has not been prepared. If it has fermented for several days, it is supposed to be even more satisfying.

The ground grain is manipulated in a gourd, in a churning motion, which forms the food into little, round, soft balls. Then when this is cooked as we



WHAT THE MISSIONARY SEES IN THE SUDAN.

1. Lifting water from a well, Omdurman.
2. American mission, upper Nile.
3. Hair-dressing, Omdurman.
4. Hamla, cows, merchants, Beir and their belongings on the last dry spot outside Fort Pibor.
5. One seldom sees a naked woman, in some tribes never. They usually have some sort of a loin cloth as well as the covering of skins. These women all seem to be expert basket makers each tribes' work having some characteristic of its own.
6. The callers at Doleib Hill.
7. Nuer Village.
8. Camels loaded with Bersum.
9. Khartum North—A group of boarders.

cook porridge, the lumps or balls are retained, and this is considered a very fine dish. Several other different dishes are prepared from the kaffir corn.

Occasionally there is meat to cook, or fish, or they gather various grasses and roots to cook with their food, and beans are sometimes eaten. If the husband has spent the night fishing, the wife rises very early in the morning to prepare the fish, and they have a special feast for the first meal of the day. But the preparation of the kaffir corn is a part of the daily routine in every Shulla home. The grain is usually prepared once a day, but the arrival of unexpected guests may necessitate extra grinding. If the food is scarce they eat but once a day. Or the wife may be ill, unable to prepare the food, in which case the family usually begs off some one else.

The food problem, though a big one, is not the only one that falls on the woman. All the water for house use is carried from the river, by the wife. She carries it in a big jar on her head. During the dry season when new houses are built, the women carry all the water for making the mud walls. Sometimes they go out and gather grass for roofing, also.

The women know how to do a few kinds of basket work, and they are employed at this art, part of the time. There is the daily tidying of the house, and some of the houses are really kept neat. When there is plenty of milk, there is churning to be done.

Then there is the work of planting and hoeing the grain. The first season the new wife helps her husband with his field. After that each woman has her own plot. As their fields are usually a long distance from the village they often plan to spend the greater part of the day there. From seed planting to harvest the women spend portions of their time in the fields. When threshing time comes the women clean off and plaster smooth a suitable place. The men do the threshing, after which the grain is carried to the village in baskets. Each wife keeps her own grain, but the grain of the husband's field is put into the house, and put under the guard of the favorite wife. Then from time to time it is given out as needed.

Washing, which forms so great a part of the work of women the world over, is not burdensome to these women. "Clothes for washing they do not have. Those which they wear are cleansed (?) by grease, and thus the age of the garment is prolonged. After the work of the day the women bathe themselves in the river, grease themselves well, and don the same old garments. Then with shinning skin they return to the house to meet the approval of their husbands. This is what the young man meant when he said, "neat in person."

The expectant mother receives some consideration from her husband, during the waiting months. He may seek meat or fish, or some more appetizing food at times, but in the details which mean so much to a woman, consideration, to put it mildly, is lacking. She carries on her household duties as usual, but much of the hot work in the sun is dispensed with. About two months before the first child is born, the young wife returns to her mother's village, and there she remains until the child is at least a month old. Later children are born in the husband's village. During the first month after a baby arrives, the mother does nothing but take care of her child. She is not allowed to do anything about the house, or do anything with her hands, indeed she may not eat with her fingers, but must use the native spoon, a shell, for her hands are unclean. She remains in

the one house continuously, going out towards evening. At the end of this month she muds the walls and the floor of the house, also the court, and that is her initiation into regular habits once more.

Frequently the mother is detained with her child by her own people for several months, or even a year or two. The reason given is about the same in each case, "the cattle are few," which means the husband must pay over some cattle which are still due, before she may return to his house.

Sorrows a plenty come to the homes. There are few women who have not lost one or more children in infancy, and often with such frequency that the poor mothers are blamed for their death. I know of one home to which death came repeatedly, claiming each little one in turn. At length another child was born. Its eyes were very bad, and since there was no doctor at Doleib Hill at the time, I undertook the simplest kind of treatment. They were afraid of water. Since all the other children had died, it would be very bad to bathe this baby's eyes in river water. After assuring them that the water contained medicine, permission was given to use it. Only a few treatments were given, but the eyes recovered, and the child is now over a year old.

These poor mothers know little of child care, and in illness, even when medical care is available, they do not ask for it until it is too late. One morning a messenger came to our house calling for our house boy, La, to bring the doctor as his baby sister was dying. He first went home himstlf, but soon returned, saying that the child was dead. I shall never forget the sorrow and despair of the mother, who held the little body to her bosom for some time, trying in vain to detect some little spark of life, and to warm the lifeless form with her own body.

The women have their times of mirth as well as their times of sorrow. They enjoy the dances, and go to neighboring villages to attend daylight dances, but the married women only attend dances at night in their own villages.

What is the status of woman? As one of their own people aptly put it, the wife is little more than the slave of her husband. If the food is good, and he is faithfully waited upon, he is pleased. If otherwise, he is angry. If she fails in her hospitality to visitors, or conduct herself unbecomingly, she is soundly reproved, or perhaps beaten. One woman was recently beaten for allowing some little chickens to be seized by a hawk.

The leaven of the Gospel is only beginning to work among the mothers. We shall go on teaching them to become Christians, and so become better mothers, but we shall let no opportunity slip to sow the seeds of Christianity in the hearts of the girls. In very truth the girls of today are the mothers of tomorrow, and with them the hope of these people rests.

PAGAN MOTHERS IN SORROW.

By Mrs. J. S. Maxwell.

SURELY these pagan mothers are women acquainted with grief. Of the middle-aged women who come to the clinic, practically all have lost two and three babies, and often they have lost more children than they have still living. I should like to tell you of two of these.

One afternoon, after clinic hours, Dr. Maxwell was called over to the clinic as a new patient had arrived from a village a good distance away. I went with him and we found there were two large,

husky men sitting on the floor, and beside them a little, old woman, while lying down on an old skin was a poor, wretched body such as I imagine might be a common sight in a great famine. This was a young woman of probably eighteen or twenty years. She was nearing the age for marriage, and that would mean cows for one of these men so that he might buy a wife, but from all appearances they had waited to bring the poor girl for treatment until they saw that she would not get well without it. The doctor examined her, and he feared it was tuberculosis, so that there was very little he could do for her, but there were four things we would try; some medicine as a tonic, a change from her village, more nourishing food, such as milk and meat as much as could be spared; and prayer. So the companions of this poor patient were informed as well as the doctor knew, that there was not much material help for her, and not much human hope, but there was a Great Physician on whom we would call. And he hoped this treatment might build up some resistance to combat the terrible disease, and that in the meantime she might hear of Jesus.

Her body was so weak that he thought it best for her to stay in her tukl (native hut) instead of making daily visits to the clinic, and he would go to her. But where were they to live? They had no friends in a near-by village and to go to a tukl belonging to the clinic would mean another sheep, or separation from some other worldly possession. Finally, after much talk they were persuaded that the men should go home and bring a sheep for the use of the tukl. So they were settled that evening in their tukl, and the men were to start back the next day. Day after day for over a week these men were still living here in the tukl, and the girl, a sister of one and a cousin of the other, was getting medicine and food, and other help. Each day when they were asked why they had not gone home for the sheep, they had some excuse to offer. Finally the doctor suspected that they were just waiting to see if she were getting better, so he told them there would be nothing more done for her until the sheep came, and if it was not here within a certain time they must vacate the tukl. So they left for their village to return in three days, but alas! it was too late, for the very morning that they were to return the poor girl died. The doctor went out to see the poor old mother as soon as he heard about the daughter, and there she sat, sobbing away to herself, and grieving for this child of hers to whom she had given so much of care, in as far as she knew what care was. When he offered to send men to dig the grave, she remonstrated, and said, "Oh, no, that is my work, not the work of strangers," as much as to say that that was the last thing she could do for her, and would she let any one else do it? And I do not know that I ever saw a more pitiful sight, as I worked that morning on my back veranda, and saw this old, worn-out woman digging, digging away at this hard, dried-up earth to make with her own hands the last resting place of her daughter. I might add that the men never appeared with the sheep, having no doubt heard before they reached here of the death of the girl, and what could the poor, sorrowing, pagan mother do to pay for the tukl? So the debt was cancelled on the clinic books.

The other case was the wife of the man who worked in the clinic last year. They had a baby nearly a year old, and he was sick a few days with dysentery, and was treated with good results, as far as

could be detected. But one day the mother went home to get the ground ready for planting, and after a time she returned and said the baby had been ill for ten days. This time he was much worse, and both the doctor and the nurse wanted to watch him very closely, so they were making frequent visits to their tukl that day. The next day neither mother nor babe appeared at the clinic, and when the husband was asked where they were, he said they had gone off to some relatives in a village. Imagine carrying a sick baby in a basket on your head, out in a country where the sun is as hot as it is here, and ever expecting the child to get well. But why did they go in such a jaunt? They would not just tell us their real reason, but we felt quite sure that it was to take the baby to a medicine man. As both the father and mother had recently given their hearts to Jesus, we felt very badly about it, for belief in the medicine man is one of the things they say they will absolutely give up. But the next morning, quite late, the mother brought the babe again to the clinic, and the poor, little thing was almost lifeless then, but the doctor and the nurse continued their ministrations, meanwhile trying to explain to the mother that she had done very wrongly. Soon after noon the little life flickered out, and the poor mother was filled with both grief and penitence. For a good many days her heart was so heavy that it was very evident on her face, but we think that she finally found comfort in her new-found Saviour. Her grief was very real, and we could not wonder at it; even though she was a child of the King, she could not read His Word, and she could not keep many of the messages in her memory, so she did not know that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But oh! we have a more pitiful mother in sorrow, at least more pitiful to us, who have lived in a Christian land, and have never known anything but Christian ideals. There is working in our house now, a young man who has not accumulated the necessary things for marriage, but for several years he has been living with a woman who is not desirable for a permanent wife, she had yaws and her nose was eaten away. So he just lived with her, even bringing her to his own village, so that it was not a secret, and they are the parents of a dear bright, little boy. But now this young man has decided on a more charming girl, one without blemish, and they say he will soon marry her, and the other woman will go back to her village, several days' walk from here. And what will become of the little boy? The father just laughed the other day when I asked him if his boy would go home with his mother, and he said, "No, he will stay with me, and I will give the mother's brother a cow for keeping him. Some day if I have more cows, I will give them more." Surely that is a greater sorrow even than death; at least it is more than I can imagine myself doing, leaving my baby girl now for some other woman to care for. But that thing is happening all over Nuer-land all the time, so that the woman who is imperfect has not only her physical disability to bear through life, but the added sorrow of leaving her children as she is traded from one man to another. The men say that the women do not care, and that they know when they made such an arrangement that some day they would return to their villages, and leave behind them a baby. In other things human nature seems so much the same, and I do not believe it is so different in this,

that they do not care. Mother is mother the world over, and how we long for the time when the pagan fathers and mothers will be Christian fathers and mothers, so that these Satanic ways of living may be changed.

A HEATHEN MOTHER'S SUPERSTITION.

By Mrs. D. S. Oyler.

SUPERSTITION is very common in the world. In fact every religion outside of the Hebrew and the Christian have a very large element of superstition in their foundation, and some of them are almost entirely based on superstition. Even in these religions which have a Divine foundation we find that some superstition has unbidded, crept in, and we reach the conclusion that the human heart has a great capacity for the superstitious ideas, as they are found in the illiterate. It is not surprising that the ignorant races are bound by the iron laws of superstition, because many of them having the support of custom, become almost unbreakable.

In this article the thought is not to ridicule the poor, ignorant mother of central Africa, who draws all her hopes for the future from superstition. Indeed, few if any in this world can ridicule the superstious native, when every thing is taken into account, for if we find fault with them as a race, for the superstitions of individuals, where would our own people stand? Perhaps America is as little ruled by superstition as any nation in the world, yet as long as we find good people who refuse to sit at a table *thirteen* places are set, or plant their potatoes by the moon, or observe the moon for other guidance in life, or who must see the new moon over the *right* shoulder, or who observe countless other relics of the days when our ancestors were groaning under the bondage of superstition, we are scarcely in a position to ridicule others who have never had the advantages, which we enjoy. Shall we ridicule them because they look to divination for help in the time of trouble, or who resort to enchantments for the relief of illness? We do not excuse the superstition, by any manner of means, but we do emphasize the teaching of Christ that the person with a beam in his own eye is not in a position to cast out the mote in his brother's eye. When we consider the superstition of our land, as compared with the great opportunities, and then the African's more apparent superstition as compared with his limited opportunities, perhaps wo do not have as much to boast about in the way of superiority, as we had expected.

So often we hear a person repeat an old superstition, and then say, "Of course, I do not believe it," and by the very tone of the voice we know that he does. The haunted house is so common that the unscrupulous often use that innate fear to work out for their own advantage, and what is the difference in believing in the malicious spirit that makes its abode in the house, or in a spirit that may make its abode in a house or a person?

In pagan Africa all manner of superstitions are rife. Spirits good, and spirits malignant, brood over everything. The good spirits may be induced to wield their power for the personal benefit of men by paying a price to the man, or woman, who has the power to induce the spirit to work. The evil spirits are ever ready to attack, and must in many cases be placated. Trees, houses, individuals, animals, may become the abode of spirits. Do the mediums believe in their own powers? Undoubtedly some of them

have talked so much about it that they have come to believe in their own abilities, while others are fully aware of the fact that they have no more power than ordinary men; others may be in doubt, but whatever their thought as to their power, they never fail to charge exorbitant prices for their services in invoking spirit aid for their clients. The financial side of the business helps to keep superstition alive in Africa. Whatever the thought of the medium, the more ignorant of the people are ever ready to ascribe great powers to them, and stand very much in awe of them as having power to help or harm.

When the mothers of a race are thoroughly under the power of superstition it is a very sad outlook for the people, for the molding of the life of the children is very largely in the hands of the mothers. The child will at first quote the mother to prove its belief, and after much such quoting, come to believe instinctively in that which the mother has taught. Perhaps this is one of the greatest evils in superstition, and it is that which makes superstition self-propagating. It speaks in the life of the mother, but it shows more vividly in the life of the child. Then the children, in turn, pass on what they have inherited in addition to what they have gathered from other sources. The mother's close connection to the future of the race means that she will be a vital factor in the future thought of that race. It is indeed unfortunate that the women cling more tenaciously to their superstitions than do the men. More often these same evil ideals work against the best interests of the women than against those of the men, but in spite of that it is still true that they adhere more closely to them than do the men. Superstition perverts the mind, and when the teaching comes from the mothers, it is a very sad state of affairs.

Superstition on the part of the mother is so often the cause of continued illness, or of suffering on the part of the poor, helpless child. If the mother sees that her child is ill, she does not go to a physician; perhaps she is hundreds of miles from a doctor, and thousands of mothers in this part of the world have never heard of a physician. Many, though, who know a little of the power of scientific treatment, will go first to a witch doctor. Usually his cure consists in saying a few words, and making a few passes over the head of the child with his hands. For the initial treatment a substantial fee is demanded, and then when a so-called cure has been made, another fee is demanded. Some years ago a little child was brought into the clinic at Doleib Hill, suffering from a straw, which had somehow lodged in its throat. The mother and father had taken the baby to two or three witch doctors, and paid enormous fees, only to find that the straw was still there. In this case they arrived barely in time to save the child's life.

In some cases the illness is not severe enough to cause death, and so-called treatment by a witch doctor may cause no injury, as it is merely mental. In many cases the treatment is not so harmless, and causes great pain to the little sufferer. As an example, the natives have a fixed belief that extracting teeth will have a beneficial effect in the case of sore or inflamed eyes. A little baby may have sore eyes, and the witch doctor may say that the only thing to do is to pull out its teeth. Now the child may be so small that it has no teeth, but that does not deter the superstitious mother. She takes a spear point, cuts down through the gums, and pries out the embryo

FAMILIAR SCENES IN THE SUDAN

1. A village on the Sobat.
2. A post boat on the White Nile.
3. A wood station on the White Nile.
4. Notice the flock of birls—Sobat river.
5. Near Sayo—on a banana plantation.
6. Dr. Trudinger of S. N. M. and clinic hut.
7. Our little Arab friend. She is displaying 17 piasters (85 cents) which she has for the day's sale of milk.
8. On the morning of our feast we snapped this picture of Sitt Farooza and the sheep.

teeth found there. It is exceedingly painful, and no care is taken, even then, to guard the little one against infection. Sometimes a person with magical powers decides that he can cure sore eyes by spitting on them. The treatment is not so severe as taking out the teeth, but nine cases our of ten. infection sets in. All the other ills of life are treated just as inefficiently by the witch doctors. Recently when the son of one of the native Christians was suffering from sore eyes, all the people advised that the gums be lanced, in order to take out his embryo teeth, and they were very much disgusted when the advice was not taken. Only one power can combat such superstition, and that is the Light of the Gospel.

Superstition prevents advance. The mind that is steeped in superstition is not active, and is not looking for something better beyond, but has the passive principle that what was good enough for my ancestors is good enough for me. Investigation, and efficient work are throttled by such inborn beliefs.

So often we laugh at superstition, and we say that it has no power, and in the absolute that is true. The powers supposed to feed, and strengthen superstition are no powers, but never-the-less it is a force with which we must reckon. The power of superstition is in the mind of the people. When a people believe in it, all advance is stopped. There is nothing further to be gained or expected, and no longer do they do try to advance. The Apostle Paul knew that full well, and he gave voice to the principle. Meat had been offered to idols. Now the idol has no power, and is absolutely helpless to benefit its devotees, but, Paul recognized that there was power connected with it, and he said that a person who had the right view of life could eat this devoted meat, without injury. All people were not so strong, and there were many who believed in the powers the idol was supposed to represent, and these people with the weak minds were abstain from partaking of this devoted flesh.

Superstition has its greatest power among the most ignorant. The masters of superstition exploit the weaklings, and they fatten upon the substance. The more superstitious a race is, the poorer it usually is in things financial. Knowledge means power for the people, but ignorance means power for the exploiters.

Worst of all, superstition stands as a barrier between the mothers of the Sudan, and God. In their superstition they assign to other forces the power and the glory which should belong to God alone. Their belief shuts them off from God, and GOD IS LIGHT. So they dwell in darkness not looking at the LIGHT which is beyond, and in their darkness they are ignorant of the HOPE which lies beyond the grave. Just recently and old mother, at this place, whose son was ill, wanted to take her own life, because she was without hope for the future. Idle superstitions could not give her hope in the day of grief. The real picture of a heathen mother is a picture of hopelessness, and despair. Man's fables and enchantments can not stand when the shadows of death approach.

When will the day break and the darkness flee away? That depends upon the answer God's people give to the challenge of the land shadowing with wings. The victory of the Gospel is sure. Let us therefore work and pray for the time when the superstitious mothers of this dark land, will praise God for deliverance from fear, and rejoice that there hope is in Christ, their Lord.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE FOR THE MOTHERS

By Various Missionaries.

TO know what has been accomplished for the mothers of the Sudan, it is necessary to know something of their condition before the gospel influence either came into their lives or was made possible for their lives. To know the true condition of woman in this land would take long investigation, for the inhabitants are not homogeneous. We divide them roughly into two groups for convenience in dealing with them, but great variations occur even within the groups.

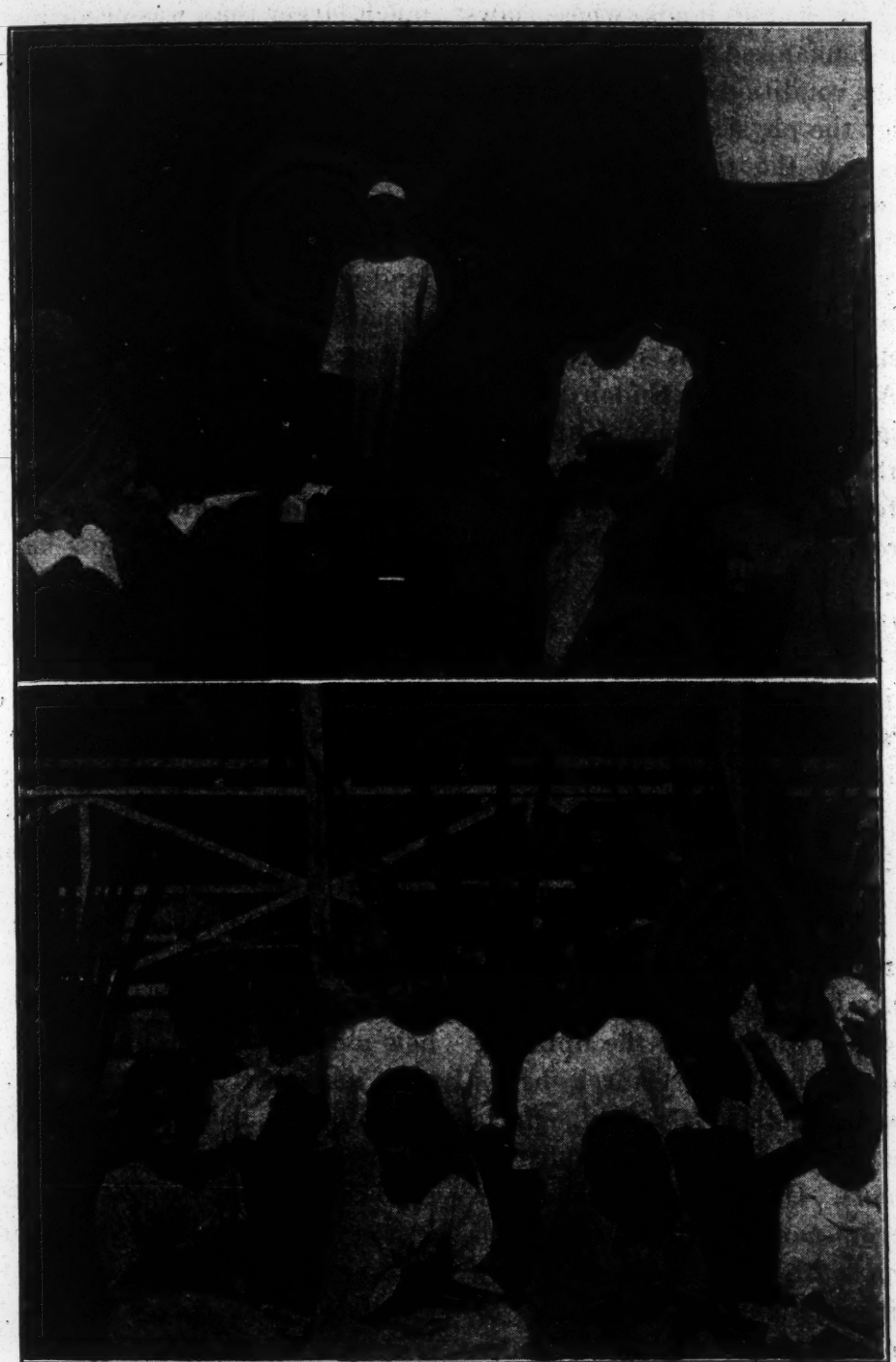
The great northern group is composed of many tribes, each with its own history, customs and aspirations. They are bound together by the common ties of religion and language. All these tribes in the Northern Sudan cleave to the religion of the prophet of Mecca, and the Arabic language is its sacred tongue. Wherever that religion has gone it has had the tendency to degrade the women of the land. Seclusion and isolation have been common, and the woman to a great extent has been the property of her husband and without legal rights, except which came to her through her relation with some man, as her husband, brother or father. This repressive influence of Mohammedanism has been alleviated to some extent in the Northern Sudan by the fact that the Sudanese are more independent of outside rule, than some of the other peoples, which have taken up with that religion.

The Sudanese women are not as ready to accept the supremacy of their men folk as are some of the other peoples. At best their condition has been very low, and their rights have not been respected in the courts. Once when a man was being tried for murder the British judge permitted a woman to testify, and he was convicted largely through her testimony. He was displeased, of course, at being convicted, but he was intensely angry that a woman should be allowed to testify against him. That fact hurt him much worse than his conviction did. Thus woman's position is low, and much that is true of her condition in Egypt, and in India, is true also in the Mohammedan Sudan.

The pagan Sudan in the south with its care-free sunny-dispositioned, children of nature, is very different from the north. There, daughters are as much in demand as sons. In Mohammedan countries fathers are condoned at the birth of a daughter. In the south he welcomes both sons and daughters. Women of the south are not isolated, but are permitted to mingle freely with the men.

Unlike the north the Southern Sudan is not dominated by a common religion, but each tribe has its own religion as well as its own laws. In most of the tribes the women have little of legal standing, as their rights are obtained through their husbands, and they do not have the right to inherit property, but on the other hand they themselves are looked upon as property. If a girl is unmarried at the death of her father she becomes the property of her father's administrative heir. Likewise a married woman is inherited by her husband's heir, unless the heir be her own son, and in that case she is inherited by her husband's brother. This law of the inheritance of the woman makes a problem in mission work, as a Christian can not inherit the wives of his father, and thus loses the greater part of his inheritance. In spite of these conditions the women of the south are happy, and are not subject to cruelty, such as one finds in many lands. One reason for their being

fairly well treated is that they are too valuable to injure. All over the Sudan the husband has the right to chastize his wife, if he is stronger than she is. Many are the cases, though, in which the man has carried away more scars from such correction, than the woman receives. In the south the husband can not divorce



"WHAT HAS BEEN DONE FOR THE MOTHERS?"

SCENES IN KHARTUM NORTH

1. "Good News" from the Bible Woman, Sitt Faroza, in one of her meetings with the Sudanese.

2. Four sets of sisters who are in the Girls' Boarding School, three in each set.

Courtesy of the Foreign Board.

his wife at will, though he may in the north. Compared with other lands where Christ is not known the women of the Sudan are fairly well treated, but compared with the lands whose laws have been humanized by the perfect law of God, her condition is low indeed.

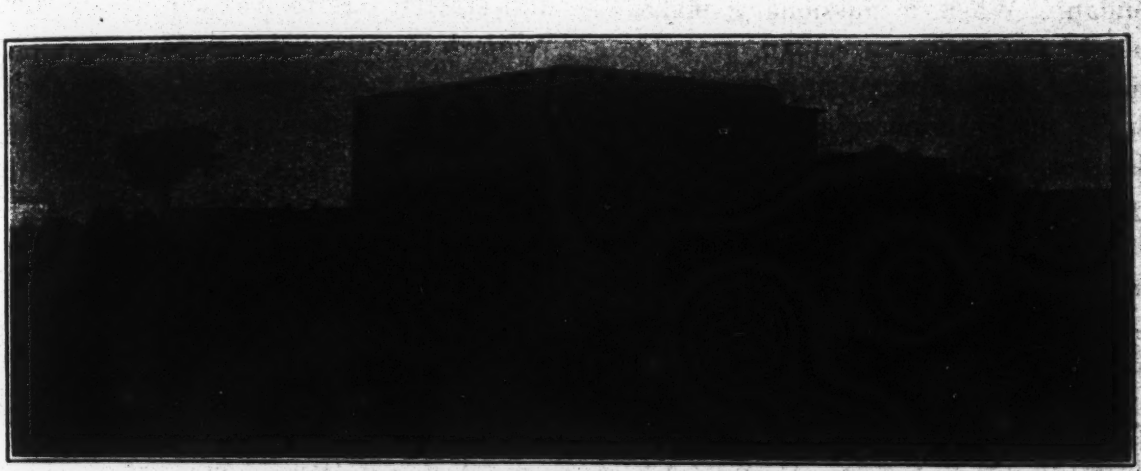
However the physical condition of the woman is not the thing in which we should most sympathize with her. We are so prone to estimate a person's happiness by his temporal surroundings, but God's estimate of a person's standing is determined by his spiritual condition. All through the Sudan the women are ignorant of the way of life. All through the Sudan they are without the way of life. All through the Sudan they shrink from death as a calamity, and something to be avoided, and because these mothers are so ignorant of sanitation, and rules of health, death claims many of its victims young, and the people age rapidly because their lives contain so much of hardness. The women age more rapidly than the men. This fact is one argument which is sometimes given for polygamy, that the wife a man takes in his youth is too old for him when he reaches the prime of life.

What has been done? The gospel in every land has worked for the uplifting of women. When our Church began mission work in this vast field, efforts were immediately made for the uplifting of the women. One thing that made the work open up more readily in the north than in the south was the fact that they had a written language, and the lure of school life has drawn many girls under the influence of missionaries. In the south there was for years no desire for education on the part of either boys or girls, but in later years they are beginning to show a desire to learn.

With great faith in the women of the Sudan the mission appealed to the women's Board for a school in Khartoum North. The school was built, and showing the faith of the workers it was built much larger than was needed at the time A few felt that it was larger than could be filled by Sudanese girls, but now the great cry is for enlarged accommodations. The Girls' School stands out prominently in Khartoum North as a landmark, but it is no more a physical land-mark than it is a moral one, and a promise for a better future for the mothers of the Sudan. The Women's Board has supported the school liberally, and it is perhaps the best school that our mission has in the Sudan. In this virgin soil it is doing a great work, and the best part is, that its usefulness has only begun, as it were. Teachers for our own and other schools are being trained. When the government undertook to open schools for girls they looked to the G. B. S. for trained teachers, who were ready to work for the uplifting of their own people. This school offers a rallying point for the mothers of that whole vicinity, and many are the meetings which are held there. No matter what scholastic attainments a school may enable its scholars to obtain, no matter how much of world culture and polish it may impart, if it does not lead its people to Christ it is a failure as a missionary agency. Judge by such a standing the G. B. S. is a success, and as long as it is under its present able management we know that Christ and His claim to the lives of the girls will be fully presented. Because this school has had adequate financial support it has made better progress than the boy's schools. Into this school has gone, and is still going, the very best of consecrated American womanhood, and American money. From it are coming educated Sudanese

girls, who will be the future mothers of the Sudan, and those who are to be the leaven to transform the race. A people can not rise higher than its women, and in this the G. B. S. is doing much to raise the girls to a higher standard than they have ever attained before.

A smaller school has been opened in Wadi Halfa, and it is doing a good work in its sphere. The cosmopolitan nature of the girls reached by the schools is a great argument in favor of the work. All classes are reached, rich and poor, high and low, black and white. In the schools may be found the daughters of officials, the humbler children of the poor



GIRL'S BOARDING SCHOOL KHARTUM NORTH

Sudanese, little ones representing Abyssinia, and Jewesses as well as Greek girls; and many indeed are the faiths represented.

One most encouraging feature of the work among the mothers has been the home visiting department. This work was begun by Mrs. Giffen, and the late Mrs. McLaughlin, and many are the visits which have been made to the homes of the women. During the last few years Mrs. Giffen has been assissted by an Egyptian Bible woman, who has given the women lessons in reading, but with such lessons a Bible lesson has always been taught. At first the homes were not open in all cases to such teaching, but more and more homes are opening up, and now Miss McKenzie and Miss McIntyre are giving their entire time to the work. Each young lady has the assistance of a Bible woman, and they report that more homes are open than can be properly visited. So far the work among the women has been largely confined to the three cities about the confluence of the White and Blue Nile, i. e. Khartoum, Khartoum North, and Omdurman.

In the south different methods of work are used. The language has never been reduced to writing, and no select class has learned to read and write. Instead of finding as the leader the man educated in books, we find the man whose hand is educated, is the respected one. The smith is a man of honor in his village, and the skilled roofer is held in respect. So the boys said, "For generations our people have lived, and they have not known how to read or write. Why should we seek for that which our ancestors did not have?" They are very slow to take up with new ideas, until they are touched by the spirit of the Lord. This is true of the boys, and it is more true of the girls. They have very little mental incentive to study from books, but they do have a turn to-

ward the practical, and if they see that something will help them in their every day life they are ready to take up with it. It is very difficult to persuade girls to go to school, and they do not care to take up special training to prepare them for their duties in life, because they think it will delay their time of marriage, and they all look forward to being married. Some would like to learn to sew, but their materials are scant, and in their village life they will not be obliged to use the needle constantly, as a mother in civilized countries must do. All women like to be appreciated, and this is true in a special sense in the Southern Sudan. When a missionary makes a call in the Southern Sudan, or holds a meeting, he is always sure of attention. So far the work among the women in the Southern Sudan has largely been done by personal talks and Bible lessons. Such work does not seem as spectacular as preaching to the multitudes, but often it is more effective. The women often come to the mission for Bible lessons, and thus the missionaries' time and strength is conserved. At Doleib Hill two women have been baptized, and each is trying to lead others to Christ. At Nasser eleven women have been taken into Church membership.

No work can be greater than teaching the pagan mothers of Africa. If the mothers are reached their sons and daughters will later come to the service of Jesus. Looking at the great number of women in the Sudan, and seeing how few have been touched, it would seem that little has been done, but looking at the desire for better things that is created by the ones, who have been brought under the better influence, it is easily seen that far reaching forces have been set in motion.

The Gospel comes to the women of the Sudan first of all with a message of life eternal, and it also comes with a message of fuller life in this world. It brings liberation from the bonds of superstition, and it also gives the hope of recognized rights, and the true sphere of activities in their native life. What has been accomplished is an earnest of the abundant blessings God will give to us, when the field is fully occupied.

THE STORY OF KICHOO.

By Mr. J. P. McNight.

SOMETHING over ten years ago, a Greek merchant left his native land, and started out to trade in some undeveloped country. From the very time that Kitchener successfully terminated his campaign against the Mahdi at Omdurman, and Khartoum, the Greeks have been the traders of the Sudan. Stevens, the war correspondent, says that when Kitchener made an advance and fought a battle, they found by the time that the battle was over that the Greeks had advanced also, and that right behind their new lines shops had been opened for trading. Thus the Greeks have been the pioneer traders for the whole of the uper Nile valley.

But this one particular Greek was either more ambitious, or more venturesome than many others. Attracted to the Nile valley, doubtless by his country men, and by their successes there, he passed up the Nile, but did not establish himself as a competitor to any of his own people, in any of the well-known cities. He went far inland to the Azendi tribe, who are often called the Num Yum, or Cannibal tribe, south and west of Kordofan. There he began to trade with the natives which have been little

touched by civilization. In a few years he found favor in the eyes of Chief Rekita. Chief Rekita was a Yambo chief, one of the Royal Avungara, so this made him a member of a very superior family, which has largely disappeared.

Whether the merchant was favored by the chief, or whether he had riches and was willing to pay well for the chief's daughter, is not known, but this Greek was given the daughter of chief Rekita, in marriage. To this union was born in 1914, or there-abouts, a son. During the years while the whole of civilization was turned upside down by the Great War in Europe, this Greek merchant traded and prospered in the Num Yum country, where the blessings and troubles of civilization are not known. The little boy, Kichoo, (for thus the father spelled his name) grew, as all little boys will, if healthy and well nourished. But he was not dressed as other boys, in civilized lands. He played with the little boys in his village, in his birthday clothes. Who will say that he was not happy in those days, as a very small boy in the center of a very large, dark continent?

But how Kichoo's mode of life was to be changed in a very short period of time! In 1920 his father decided he had had enough of trading in the Num Yum country, so he started to return to Greece. He was now no longer a poor man. He could return and marry, and live in comparative ease. He left his poor, black wife where he had found her, but he could not leave her as he found her. His little son he could not leave. The father contemplated thus, "I can not leave Kichoo to grow up like his mother's people, but neither can I take him to Greece with me. What shall I do with him?" Early in 1921 Kichoo and his father arrived in Khartoum, that the wilds, and the point on the Nile center half way between civilization and which connects the two. Here the father inquired for a place in which to leave his son. The recommendation of his country men, which the merchant acted upon, introduced Kichoo to an entirely new life.

One day about the first of February, 1921, Dr. Giffen was working in his study in the Boys' Home, in Khartoum, when there was a knock at his door. Glancing up, he saw two men and a boy waiting without. He bade them enter, and recognized one as a Greek he had long known in Khartoum. After introductory remarks, this acquaintance told Dr. Giffen that he had brought his country man, who wished to put his son in the Boys' Home. Upon being asked the reason for such a strange request, the father related the story you have read above, and added that he wished to return to Greece.

The merchant then requested that he be allowed to leave his son in the Home for training and rearing; that his name be changed from Kichoo to a Christian name, and that he should never be sent back to his mother's people in the Num Yum country. For these considerations he was willing to sign away all rights to the boy, and to give the Boys' Home L. E. 100 ($500) to be administered for Kichoo. This agreement was finally made in writing, Dr. Giffen carefully omitting any promise not to send the boy back to the Num Yum country; for besides the appeal this boy's need of a home, and of Christ's love made to those in charge of the Boys' Home, the possibility of this little boy one day becoming a bearer of Good Tidings, made them wish to have the boy. His extremity, was to the Christian missionary, an opportunity.

So the father said good bye to his little

son of seven years, and added, "I'll be back after a day or two." The man went to seek his happiness in his own country, and the poor, little, sick boy was left in Khartoum. Kichoo was ill, for he had contracted sleeping sickness, and was run down physically. He did not mind his father's going off for a day or two, but when days had passed and his father did not return, and he had to be told that his father had gone on to his own country, he was heart broken. Poor, little, home-sick lad! Tragedy of the works of darkness! Think not that the missionary smiled at the dealings of this Greek merchant, or any of his kind; but was it not better to take the boy and give him a good home, and to grasp the opportunity of showing one more boy Christ's love, than to allow him to grow up somewhere as a vagabond?

Little by little Kichoo recovered from his grief, but it was slowly. He had brought his belongings in a little box, and from it he could not be separated. It was all he had left of his father and mother, and to it he went every day to mourn. Taken away from his mother, left by his father at the age of seven, is it any wonder that when he came to realize his condition that all his love for his father was turned to hatred? He was sent day by day to the government hospital for treatment, and gradually his health improved. Gradually, also, he became accustomed to his new life. He started to attend school on the 9th of February, 1921, and on the 13th of March, 1921, he was baptized "James" by Dr. Giffen.

In school Kichoo (for his old name stuck) has shown himself clever, and able to learn readily, but as he came to feel himself at home in his new surroundings, he has proved himself capable of all the tricks of the typical school boy. When his arithmetic teacher asks him the sum of a certain example, such as "How much is 2 and 4?" Kichoo turns up his eyes, works his eye-brows and forehead as though he were in great thought, then finally says, "6," all of which he knew from the beginning.

1. The school Nasser. It is held now in the Church. The whole school is learning its letters and are writing them on blackened benches. The pupils themselves sitting on the floor.
2. Nuer Woman, Nasser.
3. A victim of yaws, Doleib Hill.
4. Family group Nasser. This a frame for drying duna heads out of the reach of goats and sheep. The family sit unde it and do their work out of the blazing sun.
5. A "Wing" of the Nasser Church. With close to 200 people wanting to come to Church, the old building became too small. Both walls were taken out on each side of the pulpit and a "wing" made. The structure now seats 250 and soon must be made larger.

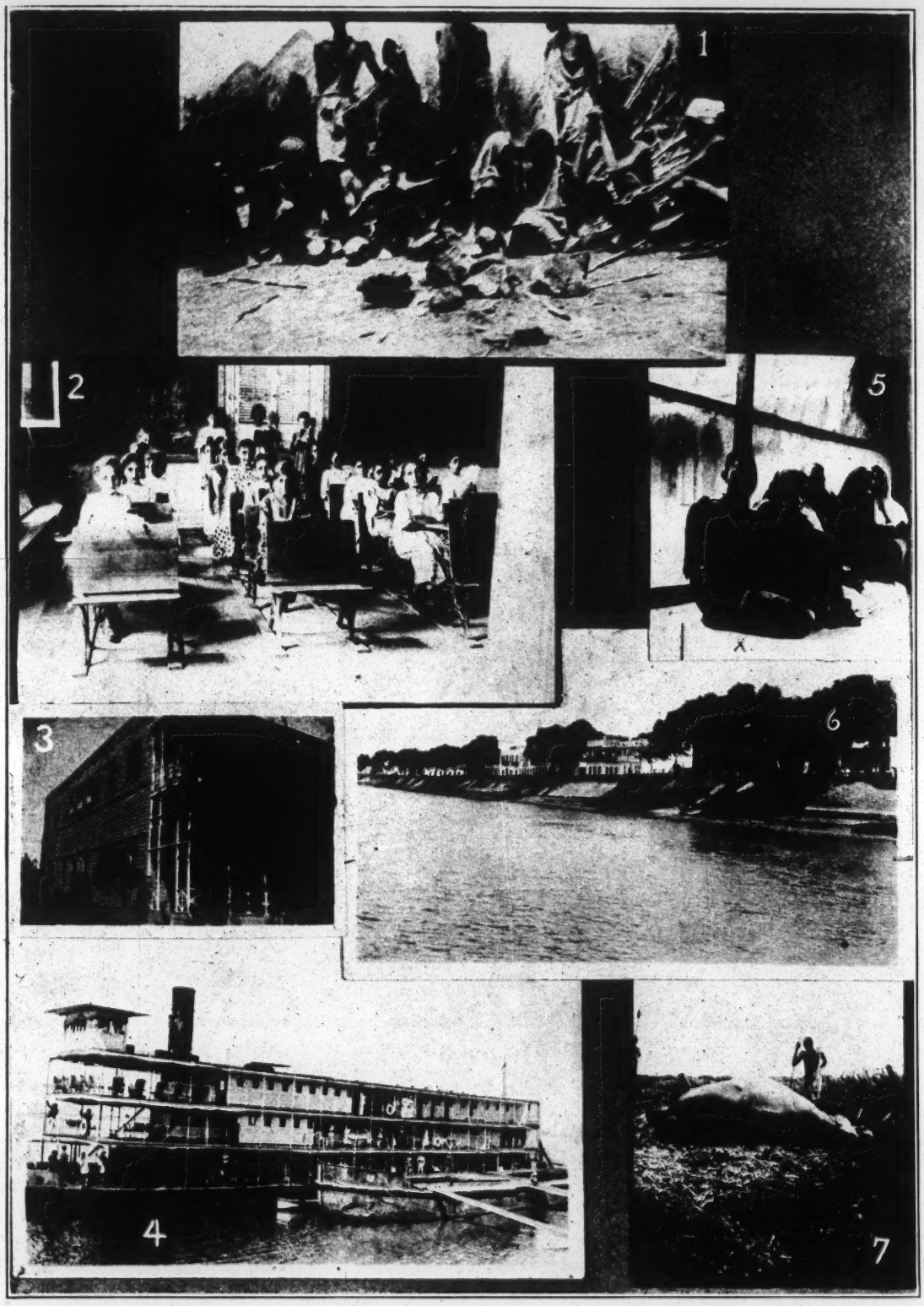
In his training the missionary is obliged to deal with inherited traits, good and bad.

Two stories will illustrate this point. Kichoo sleeps in a room of the boys' dormitory with about ten of the smallest boys in the Home. It is bed-time and all the boys have just marched from the missionaries' veranda, where they are

IT LOOKS RISKY, DOESN'T IT?

And it is. A gasoline launch would be safer, in this crocodile-infested river, than two dugouts hitched together when Rev. D. S. Oyler and Rev. J. A. Heasty are starting on an evangelistic trip from Doleib Hill.

Courtesy of the Foreign Board.



THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY IN THE EGYPTIAN SUDAN

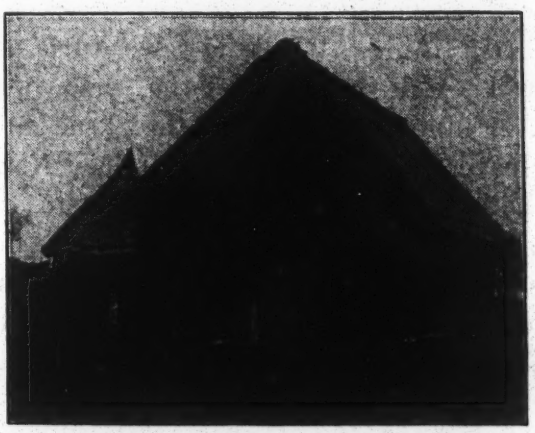
Some evidence of the work being done by the United Presbyterian Church of North America.

1. Sick and Suffering ones. Doleib Hill.
2. The Second Primary—Khartum North.
3. Girls school Khartum North.
4. A boat on the Wadi Halfa to Chellal reach of the Nile. A 48 hour trip.
5. The typical Shulla method of showing respect while in a sitting posture.
6. The river front at Wadi Halfa.
7. A Hippopotamus on the Sobat.

lined up and counted. They had said "Good Night" to Mrs. Giffen, and were now in their little cots. The sleeping room of the little boys is lighted by a lantern sitting outside the open door so that it half lights the room, but shines in no one's eyes. Everything is quiet. Suddenly Kichoo jumps up on to his hands and knees, in his bed, and cries, "I'm a Num Yum, I'm going to eat you." (Through out Egypt and the Sudan children frighten each other by this statement and parents often use the same method, in bringing a naughty child to time). The little boy nearest Kichoo begins to cry, being greatly frightened, and Kichoo is taken to task by the woman in charge.

Again in the little boy's sleeping room. It is the rest hour in the afternoon, and all are supposed to be sleeping, but Kichoo is mischievous, and runs a little stick up the nostril of the boy next to him. For this he is brought before Mrs. Giffen. She knows that whipping only makes Kichoo cross, and it is not the proper punishment for the boy. So she has a long talk with him, and finally she says, "Kichoo, don't you know that you might have hurt the little boy's nose dreadfully?" "Yes," says Kichoo. "Don't you think that you ought to be punished?" "Yes," answers Kichoo. "Since you hurt the little boy's nose. don't you think that your nose ought to be hurt?" "Yes," answeres the frank Kichoo. Then Mrs. Giffen picked up a clothes pin, one of the kind that has a spring, like the common type of clothes hanger, and she put this on the end of Kichoo's nose. Kichoo does not often cry. Was this a new kind of punishment? His hands were tied behind his back, and gently, and without anger, he was laid on a bench. After a little Mrs. Giffen told him that he had cried enough, and that he knew there was only one way to get the clothes pin off his nose, and that was to apologize to her, and to the little boy. But now the boys were in the playground, and how could he go and face all the boys? However Kichoo's cleverness never fails him, and he persuaded a friend to go and call the offended boy for him. Then he stood up and made his apology like a little man. Needless to say he was forgiven by the boy, and by Mrs. Giffen.

The other illustration goes like this. A missionary called at the Boys' Home one day, and being interested in Kichoo,



.... MISSION CHURCH AT NASSER.
Seats About 125.
Group of Pupils with Teachers in Background.

and knowing him, greeted him with the familiar, "How are you?" Kichoo saluted, and answered, "I am well," and then added, "Please, are you going to your house now?" "Yes." "Please say to your wife, 'Kichoo says, How do you do'?" "Alright, Kichoo, when will you come to see us?" "Please, I will come tomorrow." So Kichoo and several other little boys went to the missionary's home to call. When lemonade is served Kichoo stands up and salutes, and makes all the other little boys stand up, and salute also. When the group passes out of one room into another,

Kichoo makes all the little boys line up, and allow the missionary's wife to pass out first. Politeness personified is not ususal in boys so young. He is indeed an unusual boy. For him the old life is almost forgotten. He says, "My father does not care for me, and I do not care for him.' He calls himself Kishu Edie, even using a different spelling than his father had for him.

An unusual boy requires unusual training. Kishu will either have a great power for good, or a great power for evil. Which shall it be? Dr. Giffen, commenting upon his father signing away all rights, said, "If he turns out well, good, but if he does not it is a different thing. "But he must turn out well. Will the vision of the person who saw him as a son of the True and Heavenly King, bearing the Good News that all are called to be sons, to his mother's people, be realized? It depends upon prayer. May many who read these lines be led to pray for Kishu daily, and for those in the school and Home who influence his life largely.

MY FIRST VACATION

By Frances Turk.

WHEN our school year closed on the first of May last year, some of our missionaries were ill, and had to go to Egypt; some were due for their furlough in America; and some had to stay in the school and provide a change for the girls who had no place of safety to go where they might spend the summer vacation months. Miss MacKenzie, our faithful, unselfish worker among the women, volunteered to mother the little brood of needy kiddies, and I who was still so very new on the field tagged along, and furnished a vent for her perplexities.

Miss MacKenzie's schedule for the girls during these few months afforded them some work, loads of beneficial play, picnics, hikes, etc., but the beautiful fellowship that prevailed during Bible study each morning, has shown results in our school this past winter. Thus we spent these pleasant, but very busy and anxious months. By the first of August we were quite willing to slip out from under the yoke of responsibility and start for the much-heard-about-oasic spot of Sayo.

Of course we started on a beautiful, sunny day for any other are almost the exception in this part of the country. Were we all ready to start? No, but that is a small matter. Out here we just go when the time comes. Khartoum, the junction of the White and Blue Niles was the starting place, and we took up our strife with the strong current of the White Nile. How good it seemed not to have any cares. How delightfully clean, and clean-smelling was everything about us, and how tempting our little steamer on which we were the only women passengers; consequently we were able to have our own way, and happiness reigned supreme. Miss MacKenzie is Scotch, and you all know their *s-a-t* ways. I think she enjoyed it immensely after she rested a bit. She had been so tired during her last month that I was afraid that she would be obliged to go to the hospital instead of Sayo, for her vacation.

Our quarters were truly delightful, our food very good, and we had with us a lot of extra reading matter. With all these blessings we chugged on and on expecting every day to see the ferocious lion that never came. During the rainy season when it is possible for us to go to Abyssinia, the grass on the banks as we sail up the Nile and the Sobat, is

so grown up that even a giraffe might make its get-a-way without being seen. But never mind, if we did not get to see a lion we surely heard many of them as we stopped over at Dolejb Hill. Had it been the noise of any other creature we might have been lulled to sleep, but the roar of a lion directly across the Sobati seemed annoying.

We saw many hippos, and a few crocodiles, and loads of beautiful African birds. They would perch on the vine covered bushes, and all fly off at once as the boat approaches, and above and all about us we would see the loveliest colors.

We made many stops by the way. Every few days a new supply of wood was needed, and at each wood station we would linger for a day or more. At Renk we stopped and paid a short visit to the grave of little Betty Oyler, which is just beside that of an English officer, who was drowned a few years ago, during a bad storm. At Melut, on the return trip, we visited the grave of Betty's little brother, which is under a big thorn tree in the Australian mission compound, and is cared for by our good friends the Trudingers. They have been exceedingly kind to us as we have gone up and down the White Nile. We stopped at other places both going and coming, and our hearts yearned for the people in such utter darkness and such desperate need. Thousands of souls going down to an everlasting death, with no sign of help for them. We longed to be able to divide ourselves into more than one in order that we might make haste with the glad tidings to the millions of Moslems, who are in such darkness, while it is yet day.

As we wound around and about the many curves of the Sobat river it reminded us of the child-like game we used to play, "in and out the windows," but there was one difference, we moved as slowly and as truly as molasses in January. I would not advise any one taking a pleasure trip to Abyssinia by way of the Sobat, if he or she be not up to 100% as far as his or her nervous system is concerned. Before we were any way near Gambeila we ran out of reading material, wore out all the games we had to play, and on the seventeenth day were glad to see the thickest mosquito burg, the largest city on the border of western Abyssinia. We were cordially received by most of its two hundred inhabitants of various nationalities, but we were happiest to see our own Mr. Russell from Sayo. We arrived too late to start on our trek that day but went to bed quite early, and felt very fit for an early start on the morrow. The morrow, however, proved to be very rainy, the carriers unwilling to start with us, and we had a lot of delay and nuisance before we finally mounted our mules, and in a down-pour began our journey towards Sayo.

How delightful it was to feel the gentle rain descending upon us as we climbed up hill and down hill, through the narrow valleys, and over sparkling streams. How delightfully balmy and refreshing the atmosphere in the cool, crisp rain, and all about us beautiful green pastures. We just breathed, and breathed in, as the starved, for what the green hills of Abyssinia afforded us.

We travelled on, stopping only for food, water, and one night on "Lilmo" to rest our weary selves. We were not alone by the way. We frequently met some one, maybe a coffee carrier, or a donkey loaded with coffee, or a weary traveller, again the post man with his precious load between two sticks, and again some one in distress for whom Mr.

Russell played the "good Samaritan." Thus slowly, and enjoyably we travelled on, and at 4 p. m. of the second day, we arrived at the little haven of rest. All our friends were there to welcome us. Some we had known, and others we had never seen, but it did not take us long to get acquainted, and friends, you have no idea how wonderful it seemed to find real Christian friends again. A huge pot of hot water for baths awaited us, and then a tea pot full of hot tea, and cookies which had just come out of the oven, made me wonder if there is anything in the world quite so refreshing as a real American home at the end of the trail.

I shall not tell you more about Sayo, for you have heard that from others, but I do hope that I will have the opportunity to tell you more about the lure, not only of the desert, but of the people of the Sudan.

TO CHRISTIAN WOMEN

The Executive Committee of the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions of North America at its quarterly meeting, March 29, 1923, had brought to its attention a petition to Congress being circulated by the Anti-Volstead League and the Woman's Liberty League to bring back wine and beer.

The Committee deprecates this strongly organized propaganda in certain localities on the part of special interests which is being forwarded by women and wishes to call the attention of Christian women of the land to the insidious dangers involved.

The specious pleas presented by this propaganda is that we will prevent law-breaking by the legalization of the manufacture of wine and beer.

The Committee believes the arguments of these propagandists to be fallacious and that any modification of the Volstead Act would bring back the saloon with its attending evils, would increase the dangers for young people by creating an appetite for alcohol, and, instead of decreasing would further the illegal sale of intoxicants.

Therefore, the Committee urges the Women's Boards to give full publicity to the wealth of facts and arguments available and to stimulate their constitution to arouse an intelligent sense of the responsibility resting on Christian women in this great moral issue.

Reliable information may be secured from the Temperance Departments of many Church boards and from the Anti-Saloon League headquarters in each state. We would especially recommend that all Christian women read:

(a) THE SPEECH OF SEPTEMBER 22, 1923, BY SENATOR MORRIS SHEPPARD, PUBLISHED IN THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORDS OF THE SAME DATE.

(b) THE PAMPHLET, "HOLD FAST, AMERICA," WHICH IS THE RESULT OF THE INVESTIGATION OF GIFFORD GORDON OF AUSTRALIA ON THE OPERATION OF PROHIBITION IN THE UNITED STSTES.

(c) THE SPECIAL ARTICLE IN **THE OUTLOOK** (NEW YORK CITY) OF MARCH 21, 1923, ENTITLED "THREE YEARS OF PROHIBITION."

WHILE THE ADVOCATES OF LIGHT WINES AND BEERS MAKE A CLAIM FOR PERSONAL LIBERTY, THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN OF THE LAND SHOULD EMPHASIZE THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE HOME AND FUTURE GENERATIONS, NOT ONLY IN AMERICA, BUT IN FOREIGN LANDS. APPEALS HAVE COME FROM THE SO-CALLED NON-CHRISTIAN LANDS URGING THE CHURCH TO REALIZE THAT THE FAILURE OF PROHIBITION IN AMERICA WILL INSTENSIFY THEIR DIFFICULTIES AND GREATLY DELAY THEIR PROGRESS.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

SUDAN

Mrs. D. S .Oyler, Editor.

American Mission, Doleib Hill, Malakal, Sudan.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Is the task impossible? Is anyone too blinded or too ignorant to understand the simple sweet story of the love of Jesus? *Can* Egypt's poor down-trodden women be saved?

On the train going to Cairo one day last week, I was in the harem compartment with three village women. One of these women was a Copt, a Christian, and what do you suppose is her conception of Christ and the Word of God? I asked her about her children and learned that they are attending a small Government school. Realizing that they are, of course, getting no Christian teaching there, I suggested to her that she tell them the story of Jesus and, perhaps, a few of the Old Testament stories common to both Christians and Mohammedans. Her response was, "Ya sitt, I tell them? I don't know anything." And poor woman! I believed what she said. She cannot read, the Bible is a closed book to her, she knows nothing of Christ. The other two women in the compartment were Mohammedans. I had planned to spend that hour on the train studying for translation an Arabic sermon on the subject "For your sakes, For His sake." But the thought of those women and that perhaps this was their one and only opportunity of hearing, made one recitation in Arabic seem a very small thing. The Mohammedans generally know Jesus as "Sayyidna Esa" so we try to remember that in getting them to understand the Savior Whose we are and Whom we serve. We talked about Jesus, about His love, His sacrifice, and how much He cares for each one of us and in the very simplest of colloquial Arabic. In explaining how wonderful it is that Jesus cares for us we asked what it would mean if all the people of Assiut cared for us, or all the people of Egypt, or of all the world. And yet how much more wonderful that Jesus the Son of God cares for us, and so much that He died for us. One of the Moslem women seemed to grasp only two ideas, that we were discussing someone called "El Masih" and that, we mentioned Assiut he must live there, for she said "Are you going to Assiut soon to see Christ?"

Coming back to Benha that evening, I was still sad at heart over the failure of the morning when I got into conversation with two young Americans, tourists. After being told what a Mission is, they said "Surely you are not trying to make Christians of these people? They are perfectly happy" I assured them that believing as we do that there is only one way, our command is to make disciples of all nations. One said "Do you still believe that?"

These are dark pictures and they do discourage us.

I have in mind another scene, and that is a school auditorium full of Egypt's girls. They can read and write, they know how to think, they know many of the beautiful stories of the Bible, and each day they hear something more about Jesus. At their Thank Offering service last year, as a representative from each class presented the class offering I heard these girls sing over and over again these words "O magnify the Lord with me, Let us to praise His name agree; He answered me, He set me free; Praise His name."

In this last scene I see the hope of Egypt's women for the future. They are being set free. For this we praise Him. Let us praise Him too for the Biblewomen who day after day tell the story to the women in the homes. Their faithful efforts are being rewarded and souls are being born into the kingdom.

MRS. W. J. ADAIR.

THE NUER TRIBE.

Mr. H. C. Jackson.

The Nuer are a large tribe of nearly 400,000 people inhabiting the centre of Africa roughly between parallels 8 and 9, and from 30 degrees west to the Abyssinian frontier. They are a primitive, backward race with many strange and interesting customs, of which a brief account is given below. Racially they are very closely allied to the Dinka, and may quite well, as they say themselves, have

a common ancestor. A Nilotic tribe, they are also possibly connected with the Shilluk, Anyuak, Acholi, and Atwot. They have the common characteristic so common to many African tribes of standing on one leg, with the other bent upon the knee. Tall, swarthy, and thin, they resemble the Dinka in many ways.

The country they inhabit is a dead level plain, intersected with numerous water courses. Grass twelve feet in height grows luxuriantly during the rainy months, but this is all set on fire, as soon as it becomes sufficiently dry to burn. Beneath the blackened waste that is the result of this conflagration green grass grows freely and supplies abundant grazing for the large herds of cattle that constitute the chief wealth of the tribe.

The Nuer are a wild, truculent, barbaric tribe with few redeeming features. They seem to hold their cattle in far greater esteem than they do their own relatives. A case occurred quite recently where the English District Commissioner found an old woman left behind in a deserted cattle kraal to be eaten by hyenas because her able-bodied sons were too lazy to carry the good lady from their summer residence to their winter grazing ground.

In the summer the Nuer live in permanent villages of conical, straw huts, but as soon as the grazing around these villages is exhausted they move to temporary grass huts congregated around a water hole, where they spend the winter with their cattle. These huts are very simple erections, and if, as often, the Nuer is too lazy to make a hut, he puts up a semi-circle of grass which is just sufficient to keep away the cold winds from the east and the north. For greater warmth, as well as to keep away the swarms of mosquitoes that make life a burden throughout the Nuer country the people smear their naked bodies with dried ashes of cow-dung. This converts them into grey and hideous individuals such as one could not imagine in the wildest of one's night-mares.

Their food is of the simplest. They grow a little dura (kaffir corn) most of which is converted into marisa, or native beer. When this exhausted they live either on milk, the occasional animal that they can trap or hunt down, or on fish which they obtain as the various rivers and pools in their country dry up. The Nuer are so backward a people that they do not catch fish either on a rod and a line, or with nets. They prefer to stab in the grass by the edges of pools with a kind of spear or harpoon, in the hope that ultimately they may strike something. Sometimes they construct little weirs, or fish traps, into which the fish swim as they try to make their way down the course of a river that is running dry.

Sometimes they organize hunts, and encircle a herd of antelope with fire, leaving a small gap where the swiftest runners of the tribe, with their dogs, are collected. As the game makes for this opening the Nuer give chase and are often rewarded for their labors by the spearing of a giraffe or antelope. Game is very common in their country and lion, leopard, elephant, buffalo, crocodile, and hippopotami are frequently met with, as well as a great variety of antelope and gazelle.

When the boys begin to grow up they all have to undergo an initiation ceremony into manhood. Five horizontal cuts are made across their foreheads from ear to ear with a spear, and the boys afterwards repair to special camps where they indulge in sports and other manly exercises. So great is the pain and danger that results from this cicatrisation of the foreheads which leaves deep marks visible all their lives, that many succumb to the operation. This cutting of the foreheads takes place periodically, and the boys who are initiated at the same time are formed into age-classes, and are regarded as blood brothers, who must help each other all their days.

The Nuer have a definite code of laws which are administered by a council of elders, presided over by a man with the hereditary title of "Chief of the Leopard skin." There are certain chieftains among them who are officially recognized by them, but the real power lies in the hands of the witch doctors who are

credited with powers of life or death, or can cause paralysis or other illness merely by wishing some one to be ill. The people go to these medicine men in all their trouble, if they want to have a successful issue to a hunt, or their wives desire to have children, or if one of them is ill. In the last case the witch doctor produces a gourd, and a kind of mussel shell. He throws the shell at the gourd, looks very wise, and going to the sick man, produces something such as a stone, or a piece of stick, which he says was inside of the invalid's body. The sick man then walks away quite happily, after having made a present of a sheep or a goat to the witch doctor.

The Nuer remove all the six central teeth in the lower jaw, in order to differentiate themselves from dogs. This causes their face to assume a still uglier appearance than nature had already endowed them with, and makes it very difficult to understand what they say.

The Nuer are divided into many different sections, each of which has its own totem or creature, to which he stands in some special relationship. Thus some sections of the Nuer call the snake their totem, others the water buck, crocodile, spitting viper, or giant lizard. No one, whose totem is either one of these creatures, may kill it or eat it. If a man whose totem is the snake finds a dead snake upon the road, he covers it with grass or dust, or pours some milk or butter upon its back. If it comes near the cattle kraal he milks a cow which has been specially devoted to the animal, and offers it to the snake, or pours it down a crack in the ground where the snake lives. Sometimes a bull is sacrificed in honor of the ancestral snake.

In all of these cases the Nuer believe that many years ago the mother of their tribe gave birth to twins, one of whom was a human being, and the other was a snake or a crocodile, or whatever the totemic animal is. If a party of Nuer wish to cross a water course with their cattle, and crocodiles are known to infest it, they go to a crocodile totem man. He offers a sheep, or similar animal to the crocodile, and then all the people wade into the river.

Twins are held in particular reverence, and if one dies he is buried in a cradle in a tree as the Nuer regard him as a bird, and the baby must be buried where the birds live. For this reason the Nuer will not eat the flesh of a duck or a guinea fowl, however succulent it may be.

The Nuer have no definite religion, although they believe in a kind of Great Spirit, whom they call Kosz or Kott. To this spirit sacrifices are made from time to time, or on the occasion of a marriage or death, or if a hut is struck by lightening, or if the rains are insufficiently heavy for the crops. In the last case a rain doctor is called in. He produces a bit of stick, which he puts in a gourd, and after a sacrifice has been made the rains are expected to fall. If a rainfall is excessive, and threatens to destroy the crops, the same man is summoned, and he puts a stone upon the fire that it may cease.

The Nuer, in fact, have not emerged from the age of superstition into that of religion, and they have many fantastic beliefs, which seem incredible to the western mind. If any one drinks out of a bowl, into which a snake has spat, he will die. During a bad thunder storm tobacco is thrown into the air, in order to appease the Great Spirit. When a man dies his pipe is put upon his grave, beer and the blood of a slaughtered animal are poured over it in case he requires food or drink in the vague beyond to which he has gone. The people also believe that certain persons turn into lions by night, and wander about the country. The life of the average Nuer is closely bound up with these superstitions beliefs; he is therefore entirely under the control of the witch doctor, who claims to be in direct communication with the Great Spirit, whom the Nuer have a vague exists somewhere, though whether a person or an indefinite power, they have no notion.

Apart from these two aspects of life the Nuer in most concerned with his cattle, whom he regards as almost divine. When a boy has been initiated into an age class his father gives him a special bull of some particular color, which is

to be the young man's playmate and guardian spirit throughout life. He plays with the bull, pretends to engage it in battle, gets a small boy to lead it around the cattle kraal while he jumps over it or on its back, and sings laudatory songs to it. Any accident to it is regarded as the greatest of catastrophies.

For some years past the American Missionary Society has had devoted representatives stationed at Nasser, who have been trying to get in touch with this degraded and barbaric people. How hard is their task, and how great the difficulties with which they have to contend, may be realized from the account which has been given above.

Note—Former articles about the Nuers, which have appeared in this magazine, have been written from a missionary standpoint. This article was written by a government official, and gives us a different view point. Mr. Jackson was senior inspector in the Upper Nile Province, in which Doleib Hill and Nasser are located, but recently he has been transferred to the Red Sea Province.

Editor for the Sudan.

LINE UPON LINE.

By Kathryn Mackenzie.

During five days of the week our schedule is practically unchanged, and is like this. Mornings are given to teaching the women in the homes. Monday is the day for Hillet El Meri; Tuesday for Shelleleya; Wednesday for Hillet Hamad; Thursday for Hillet Khojali; and Friday for Khartoum. Monday afternoon we keep as an at-home day for the women; Tuesday afternoon is the mid-week prayer meeting hour; Wednesday and Friday afternoons we visit, and make calls; and Thursday is the special meeting in the church for the women. These are not dull, uninteresting days. The women have new problems and visitors, and we have new stories to tell them, and new pictures to give them. We love to go to them, and have them come to see us.

These warm days we like to start at seven o'clock, but even at that it is difficult to make the rounds on Tuesdays and Wednesday before 12:30 or 1:00 o'clock. Our one Bible woman taught 42 women in their homes during February, and the homes are not always close together. We do not like to refuse to teach women, and especially Moslem women, when they are so anxious to be taught, and when we are so anxious to teach them, but we have had to refuse some. The salary appropriation has been granted for another worker, but we have been unable to find a Christian woman in the Sudan or in Egypt, who will come to do this needy work. We could put another Bible woman to work tomorrow, and keep her busy. Our inability to find women to do Bible work has made us feel that perhaps we can only get workers by drawing on Christian girls from our school, who feel themselves called to this particular work, and train them. Our hope for a training school has been realized through the recent purchase of the house in which we live. Will you unite in praying with us for the women to train?

Perhaps you would be interested in hearing a little about the feast we recently had in our new house to assure the women of our friendliness toward them, and our desire to make them welcome. We had an evening meal because it was during the month of fasting—Ramadan— and we knew that the women would not want to come until after the gun had sounded at sunset, announcing to them that they might eat and drink. We arranged chairs and beds in the yard to seat as many as possible, and spread a large piece of canvas, and some rugs, on the ground. I think the women preferred to sit on the ground. They arranged themselves in groups. There were no individual dishes. A plate of rice, a bowl of melokhiya (a native vegetable), plate of egg plant stuffed with rice and meat, a dish of salad and chunks of bread were placed in the midst of each little group. Those sitting on the beds had to be provided with tables. Knives, forks and spoons were entirely out of place with this course. When the women showed that they were ready for something else these dishes were removed, and a platter of roast mutton was placed in the center of each

group. The meat was uncarved, and no knives and forks were used, but they managed to eat it and there is no doubt in our minds about this being the most appreciated item on the menu. Next came the apricot pudding. A bowl of pudding was given each group, and individual spoons. The water melon came next, and I was disappointed because I expected to see smiling black faces and gleaming white teeth above slices of pink water melon, but that is not the Sudani way. They remove the rind, and cut the melon in inch cubes. Apparently a feast wouldn't be a feast in the Sudan without coffee, because in arranging the menu the cook said very positively, "Yes, we *must* have coffee." Miss Turk loaned us her victrola, and the women enjoyed it. Then we had some native music on the dalooka, and joy cries such as only the Sudanese can give. There were 70 or 75 Sudanese women present, and a few Egyptians. Here-to-fore we have made some earnest efforts to get the Sudanese women to visit us, but our at-home days were never a real success until we came over to this house, and gave the feast.

Our visitors have been many since coming to this new house. I think the most interesting one is a dear, little Arab child, about ten years ago, who came to us one Sabbath morning to sell us milk. We invited her in. As she came in she asked that the door be left open because she was afraid of us. She sat on the floor, not far from the open door, and talked and talked. I got up from my chair to give her a piece of candy, and she darted for the door, like some hurt, wild thing. She came back for the candy but each of us had to eat a piece with her to convince her that it would not kill her. I thought she might enjoy some picture rools sent by the children in America, and went to another room to get one. She was afraid again, but she liked the pictures and kept coming closer and closer, her eyes as big as dollars, and she asked all sorts of questions, until her two hands were on my knees. Then suddenly she moved away. I asked what was the matter, and she said she did not want to soil my dress. Her only garment, a native woven tobe, was the color of the ground. We told her of our need for a girl to sweep and dust, and she said that she was going to tell her father that we were people of God, and that she wanted to come and work for us. She used a corner of her tobe to demonstrate to us that she knew how to clean a floor. Before leaving she offered us milk from her dirty gourd, without money, she said, because she enjoyed the candy. Another day she returned to say that her father was away, and would not we please give her another piece of that candy wrapped in paper? She has visited us many times since, and is quite friendly now, but she told me that at first she was very much afraid of me. I asked her why and she said, "Because your eyes are blue." We hope she will want to come to school in the autumn, and we would very much like to reach other Arab children like her, who are so hard to touch.

The morning by morning teaching in the homes has brought nearly one third of our pupils to the place where they can read in the Scriptures, and we count that well worth while. The first milestone is reached when they finish the primer, and the second when they finish the reading book. It is happy, happy time when we assign them a small portion of Scripture to read understandingly, after they finish the reading book. May they read, understand and confess the Saviour as He reveals Himself to them.

THE VITAL TOUCH.

By Una Cole.

Early in February, after much prayer, we decided to observe a special week of prayer in which we would pray for those who were on our hearts, whom we wanted especially to see saved. We began on Monday evening. We did not make it a required meeting but requested only those who felt there was power in prayer, and who felt that we needed prayer, to attend, dividing them into two groups of smaller and older girls. One of our teachers took charge of the meeting with the little girls, and I took the older girls. On Wednesday evening we were entertaining in the school

Timothy Effendi (a converted Mohammedan) and his wife, who were on their way to Egypt, and as he is a very earnest Christian I asked him if he would not like to attend our prayer meeting, and after prayers to speak to the girls. He is always glad for an opportunity to witness, and so he came. At first the girls were rather timid in his presence, but he spoke to them on the love of God, speaking as he always does to Moslems, of God as Creator and Preserver, and in how many ways His love is shown towards us. Next morning he spoke to us in chapel, and all listened to him attentively. We expected that there might be some opposition outside of the school when the news was carried home that a former Moslem had conducted chapel exercises in the Girl's School, and this man in particular as he was living in Khartoum North at the time of his conversion, and many of the Moslems bitterly oppose him.

The following evening he spoke again to the girls from the verse, "Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well." This is one of the strong points of the Moslem against our religion for he says, "You have more than one God." Very carefully, logically and convincingly he spoke to them on the Triune God of the Christian, and how it is impossible to separate the Word and the Power from God the Creator. He also exposed to them some of the falsities of the Moslem religion, quoting from both the Koran and the Bible to show the contrast. After he finished speaking he gave an opportunity for questions to be asked. It was evident that the Spirit was working from the keen interest shown in the faces of the girls. One girl, whom I was noticing particularly, and who has been very stubborn in resisting the Spirit, was interested in spite of herself.

After the Sabbath morning service as I was passing out from the Church I came face to face with one of the older girls, and I immediately saw that something was troubling her greatly. I shall never forget the look of silent appeal which she gave me. I remarked to one of the teachers, "Hanim needs help." As soon as it was possible Hanim was called in alone, and our first question was, "Hanim, do you want help?" Immediately she answered, "Yes, I do," in such an eager way that one could not doubt the conflict which was going on that moment in her soul. We knelt in prayer that God would guide us in just what we should say, and help her to see the Way. It was a time when I felt as though I was standing in the very Presence of God, and as if God were telling me as he told Moses of old, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Then she poured out her whole heart telling us that she had seen the Truth, that she knew her old religion was false, and that she wanted to accept Christ but she was afraid of her people. Step by step she was led out on faith to accept the promises of God to keep her, until she came to the place where she was willing to say, "I am not afraid now. I must confess Him before men." We all knelt in prayer, and it was sweet to hear this dear girl end her prayer." In the name of Him who poured out His blood for ME." There flashed in my mind the question which this very girl had asked of Timothy Effendi in the last meeting. "How can I know that I am called?" And I asked her, "Hanim, do you know whether you are called or not?" And she said, "Yes, I do." We left her to read those blessed closing verses of the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, and the tenth and thirteenth of the following chapter." Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of His understanding," etc. I wish you might have seen the look of quiet peace on that girl's face afterwards.

In the days that followed the Spirit was plainly working as was shown in the faces of the girls. Two days after that happy Sabbath another girl came to us in the evening. We had noticed that she had been very quiet, although naturally an impulsive Peter, as though something was troubling her. When we asked her what was the matter she said, "I've

asked God to show me the way to the Truth, and he hasn't done it." We asked her how she expected Him to do it, and she said that she didn't know. We told her that sometimes uses other people to show the Way, and she seemed satisfied. So we explained what it meant to her, and what she must do to accept Christ, and how she must confess Him before men. We also warned her that in all probability she would be persecuted by her own people if she accepted Christ, but she declared that she was willing to do it, and was not afraid of any one because God was able to take care of her. When some said to her that we were not trying to change her religion, but that we wanted her to know the Truth, she replied in her fearless, impulsive way, "You needn't think if you talked to me all year that I would change, if I didn't believe that this is the Truth." She soon had an opportunity for witness bearing for when she went home over the week end her people tried to keep her from returning under the pretext that they wanted to get her a new dress. They delayed her for two days, at the end of which time she said to them plainly, "You may as well get me that dress now for I am going to school in the morning," and come she did. She is a very different type of Christian from the first girl, but nevertheless just as true in her belief.

In a few days the third came out and confessed Christ, and such rejoicing as there was. These are changed lives, and theirs are happy faces. They have been meeting difficulties in the way, for offences will come, but not one of them is willing to return to her old life.

There are other lives with which the Spirit has been striving, who as yet have not had the courage to step out on faith, willing to face all difficulties in the strength of Him who loved us and Himself for us.

EGYPT

Minnehaha Finney, Editor.

A NEW OLD STORY

I am inclined to think that whether we are little girls or big girls we all like to hear a new story. But sometimes the new story is after all a very old old story that someway has not been retold of late. So I want to tell you some of the very common experiences which Mr. and Mrs. Work have had in the district this year and which I hope will be a new story to you because usually it is the work of the station that we write about.

Mit Gamhr is probably the most flourishing point in our district. This is due to the fact that the missionaries have been able for two months each year to anchor the Alleghany alongside this town and from there to work and encourage the Christians in Mit Gamhr, Zifta, and Dakadus.

A year ago a new evangelist came to Mit Gamhr to take up the work. He is a very fine spiritual man. Each Sabbath morning he goes to the Church a little early and going into the pulpit he asks those who are already present to bow in prayer and ask the Lord to fill the house with those who should hear His word preached that day. And so faithful is our Lord that he answers the prayer of the righteous few day after day with a full house. "We always have the Church full," they tell you. Shortly after going to this new work he chose for himself a very helpful companion. She had been a Bible woman and since her marriage she is continuing to call on and teach the women in her husband's parish.

One day she and Mrs. Work were calling in Dakadus, this is the little town near Mit Gamhr where one sometimes has to wade mud over your shoe tops in order to get to the meeting place. They planned to just stop in the doorways wherever they found a group of women sitting. So wherever they stopped the street would fill with men women and children. The evangelist's wife would read and talk and pray with them and whenever the men interrupted with a Mohammedan question stunner intend-

ed to silence the Christian enthusiast, she would give them the soft answer that turneth away wrath, and go quietly on with her meeting. Her talks were soul stirring and the women would say longingly, "How should we know if we are not living right, no one ever told us before." There is a Coptic priest living in this town too. He is wealthy and lives in a big house and has a wife, but she knows nothing about the Christian religion and seems utterly unable to help these women who would so like to live right, if only someone would tell them.

And so, through the joint efforts of a Biblewoman and the evangelist's wife, they now have in Mit Gamhr a weekly woman's gathering with an attendance of from 25 to 40. And the nicest thing about it is that they are not all Protestants and Copts, but Moslems and Jews and Catholics and Greeks attend as well. This same group of women are now organizing a monthly missionary society. For a number of years they have been having a Thank-Offering service and, because of the emphasis Mrs. Work had put upon it, it has become the biggest event of the year. Every year the amount given has increased.

Kafr Sulliman is another village in this same vicinity where the Mission has just opened a little school. The other day, Mr. and Mrs. Work drove over to visit this school and its teacher. They had sent word they were coming on one of two days. And so it was arranged that the village through which they must pass just before reaching Kafr Sulliman should telephone when they saw the Ford drive through. No matter how small the village in Egypt, there is always one telephone in the house of the Omdah. Consequently when they reached their destination they were welcomed at the school by a large crowd. Incidentally too, the pigeons and chickens were killed and put on to cook in the house of the village teacher when the telephone message arrived.

When the missionaries had spent sometime in visiting the school, Mrs. Work wandered out of doors, and putting her hand on the shoulder of one of the women standing near, she was an absolute stranger, she said, "I want to go home with you, take me to your house." The woman was surprised and pleased, but after a moments talk with the others she said, "Come, I will take you," and she led Mrs. Work to the house of the omdah (mayor). This was but fitting, since it is always proper to call in the home of this official first. As they went down the street large numbers followed, men as well as women. Mrs Work would have prefered to talk to the women alone but she could not easily send the men away, so she spoke to them all. She went from house to house and always the men followed until at the last house the women leading said, "Come on in," and led her from the outer to an inner room. There the men could not come and she had the opportunity of speaking in a large room, crowded with women. Again in this village the women began asking *HOW* they could live different when they did not know any better. And the missionary explained that it could only be as God helped them and she taught them some short sentence prayers. One old woman with a hard face, patted the good messenger on the back and said, "You have brought us light." And she was told, "Remember that if I have brought light to your village and if you see anything pleasing in me, it is all because of what Jesus is to me and has given me to give to you."

In the meantime, the chickens had arrived at a superlative degree in the kettle and the missionary was sent for to come and eat her dinner. At the dinner table, the village teacher told them how the people crowded around the doors and windows of their home at night when they sang for evening worship. He also told them of the permission that had been granted him to preach in the Coptic Church of a nearby town each Sabbath.

When the meal had been finished, the benches were all carried out of the school house and arranged in the yard. Soon, every bit of available space was filled and Mr. Work, using the Ford as a pulpit, stood up and preached to them. It was the culmination of a very busy but profitable day. They had left home

at 7:30 that morning and did not return until 6:30 that night.

I have told you chiefly of this one corner of our district. We could mention the lady teachers in Simbellawin and how they are organizing a missionary society with the women taking part themselves and making a monthly subscription and of how they raised a $15.00 Thank offering in two days.

We could tell you of Damietta, practically on the coast of the Mediterranean and of the Moslem sailor who took the men out to the light-house in his sail-boat and on the way became so interested in the songs the men sang that he learned the chorus of one of our favorite Arabic songs called 'Sarur.' And later he attended every meeting held in the Church.

You would enjoy hearing also of how the wife of the governor of our province, the first lady in Mansoura, headed the petition list here for a Prohibition amendment. More than that, she loaned her servant to Miss Bloomfield for several days so that he could take her in the proper order to all the other leading women of the town. But even then, I would not have told you all, and so we will leave it till some other time.

MISS KELLOGG'S GIFT

There is, however, just a little bit more to my story, and this I'm sure, if you were little girls, would make you clap your hands and say, 'Was not that a wonderful thing to do.' Think it is not generally known that the Ford to which I have referred is only three weeks old in Mansoura (May 28) and that it was given to us by Miss Rosaline Kellogg of Santa Ana, Calif. We here are so grateful and it is already proving such a valuable aid to more extensive work in our district, that we want to thank Miss Kellogg in this public way for sending it to us. I wish she and all of you could see the difference it makes in the evangelizing power of this station. For instance one day recently calls and services were held in three villages where as formerly, it would have been possible to reach only one. Again we thank Miss Kellogg and may God bless her and her gift and us as we use it, is our prayer.

MRS. R. T. MCLAUGHLIN.

Tanta, Egypt,
March 26, 1923.

One day not long ago I had the opportunity of visiting a Zar. The Zar is a Moslem semi-religious preformance for the purpose of driving evil spirits out of women. There were a half dozen women this day who were possessed with evil spirits.

Imagine if you can the room, a basement room, not more than four yards square with only two small windows as high as your head from the floor, and shut. Luckily there was no door to be shut. Into this room and the entrance-way adjoining were crowded more than sixty women and nearly as many more children, some of them mere babies and some half grown girls. Can you see them huddled together on the stone floor? But can you see the chains of superstition and ignorance that bound them there?

It was a gay scene in some ways for each woman had worn her best dress these women love bright dresses. The women chatted together or joined in chanting the weird songs which are supposed to aid in chasing away the spirits. I was surprised at the friendly way in which I was received and the lack of any fanatical antegonism. Everyone in a good humor and emjoying the break in the monotony of their lives.

With questionable kindness, entirely innocent on their part, my chair was placed beside the platform on which were the chief musicians. The indispensable incense pot was at my elbow mingling its perfume with the smoke of the womens' cigarettes and the nauseating odors of the drain pipes.

But if noise can drown smell then it was true in my case for when the music began nothing else mattered. The orchestra consisted of six drums, three tublahs, one tambourine, an awful thing which was merely two pieces of brass crashed together. The chief aim seemed to be volume of sound, and as for harmony—well the kindest way I can put it is that it was indisputably lacking.

This pandemonium was intensified by the chanting of the women in their strange minor tones. These chants are

portions of the Koran and contain references to Gods love and mercy and beseech His blessing in the release of the evil spirits. Such an awful travesty! How I longed for the apostolic power of casting out demons in the name of Christ. If they only knew the real love and mercy of God and would accept release in Jesus' name; but, even as He said, they will not come to Him that the may be saved.

The women who were possessed with demons danced about in the center of the room and threw themselves into various postures and contortions until their strength was exhausted when they fell down, more dead than alive it seemed to me, and someone listened at their lips for the message the spirit had to convey. If no message was forthcoming as soon as the person was sufficently recovered the dancing was resumed and so on until some fancied indication of the spirits desire was discovered. No spirit will leave until his every wish is gratified.

One very fat old lady went away very angry because the spirit had told her to marry another than the man she had chosen. Doubtless the spirit might have been more accommodating!

Another, a young woman, had been to the Zar every day for a week without being able to get rid of her demon. That day it seemed to be a Christian devil for it told her to put on a dark cloth dress and a felt hat and sit on a chair and smoke a cigarette as the young effendis do in the cafes. The demon demanded also a gold necklace with a cross, having the image of our crucified Lord on it, as a pendant. Surely this was the height of blasphemy!

But the thing that hurt me more than all else was the condition of the babies. Poor little mites of humanity, scarcely human. In the light of your scientific knowledge think what effect such scenes must have upon the disposition and nervous system of a child to say nothing of its effects on the moral and spiritual sub-consciousness. Beside me sat a woman beating a tublah and chanting lustily, her babys' head resting on the hard clay end of the shreiking instrument while the child availed itself on its afternoon meal. What must the psychological result be on that child.

Near her stood a young woman beating a drum while her baby clung to her dress and begged to be taken up. I shall never forget its piteous cries nor its little uplifted arms—and no one answering or caring, least of all its own mother.

I came away because I could not stand anymore. It was as if that room was a great circle filled with Satan and I sat in a little circle in the room protected by Christ; I was safe, but utterly unable to draw any of those poor women into safety with me.

Now I scarcely remember the odors and noise but I shall never forget the faces of those women and the blind misery of lovelessness in the eyes of the little children.

FLORENCE WHITE.

VISITORS' DAY IN ESBEKIAH GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Visitors' Day in Esbekiah Girls' School begins about Dec. 1st and lasts until about April 1st. Our visitors are mostly American tourists. Of course we want to show off our girls, to say nothing of our own work, just as we did at home. We cannot have a set program, as schools at home often have, because of our long-drawn-out day. So when a tap on the door is followed by a group of Americans, the teacher "sizes up" the visitors and proceeds accordingly.

If the spokesman remarks that they are on the way to the museum, and have ten minutes to spare, and would like to see something of our work, the teacher asks for some "dictation books or composition books." In this land we give much attention to this work. In the former the teacher dictates a paragraph or more of English composition that has not been seen by the class. This is corrected and copied by the class. Composition work is done as at home, and when corrected is copied into an exercise book. This "hasty visitor" looks over the books and remarks that the writing is very good.

If the class has not books to show, the

teacher asks a few general questions on the subject before the class. The visitors thank the teacher, bow to the girls and disappear. They visit three or four classes in the same hasty way and think they have seen our school.

Other visitors see still less of us. They just want to peep in to see what we look like. Doubt not that they are seen with quite as much interest as they see!

What do they see? Classes of girls numbering from eight to thirty. Girls from six years of age to eighteen. Pretty girls; dark hair, ribbons, bright dresses, aprons—always aprons, often black sateen. Just girls, loving, lovely, studious generally, mischievous often, but always dear.

Yes. they see our rooms. You may remember how Mr. Fred MacMillan described them. A North Carolina visitor used rather more scriptural language, when he said, after going through the empty rooms, "You seem to be making bricks without straw." We are proud to say that "we are making bricks" to adorn new Egypt.

But there is another class of visitors. Often they are exteachers, or presidents of missionary societies, or preachers. They come in, sit down, and listen. The teacher then goes on with the real teaching of the hour, and she is especially delighted if the visitor takes out a little book, and jots down a few lines. That visitor gives our school of 240 girls at least an hour of his time. And when he says, "You are doing excellent work here," teacher and girls feel that he means it.

As before hinted at, the girls are quite as much interested in the visitors, as the visitors are in them. They ask whether they are rich, why they go round the world, why they want to see us, is it because our school is different etc.

We do not have district directors to visit our school, but our visitors often give us speeches that are quite as inspiring as those of the educational fathers at home. They exhort the girls to make use of their privileges, and to adopt the missionary work of teaching. Again we are proud to tell that our girls are even now doing real missionary work. Some of the members of the present graduating class have been teaching for nearly three years in a street Sabbath school. There is no public expression of approval of this work, no support of a large number of helpers, it is just a weekly grind of Bible teaching to little street Arabs. But who will measure the good done, or point out the leaders being trained?

They are not doing this work without training as the visitors who listen to our classes know. The United Presbyterians are surprised to hear the catechism recited in both Arabic and English. Most are delighted with the amount of Bible that the girls know. They put our home girls to shame in this respect.

Our visitors are always most appreciative of what they have seen. The South says, "I am mighty glad to shake your hand." North of Mason and Dixon kisses your hand, and you wonder if it is not a mistake. The dear old minister says, "God bless you," and in our heart we echo, "God bless us all," Send us next year all your brothers and sisters for we are delighted to see every one of you.

"HOUSE VISITATION."

"And daily in every house they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." (Acts 5:42.)

Come with us and we will retrace a part of this afternoon's visits in Kafr el Ghaz, a "suburb" of Tanta.

We begin first in our own house. In this small class room we visit for about fifteen minutes. It is the most important visit, and a great privilege and honor to go directly into His Presence. We hear His words and talk with Him. for we need a "visitation" of grace and power before we visit others. He is the great Visitant, and we ask Him to go with us, for we know that without Him we can do nothing that will really count.

The next step is a long one, from our place to Kafr el Ghaz. Only five minutes, and here is the Delta Line Station (narrow guage railway), headquarters for the Delta Car. About seven min-

utes and here is the "Union Station." Our way now is to the left up this incline, and on to the bridge over the tracks and down a gradual slope, a real hill though a made one. There is now only this vacant stretch, the houses beyond are our destination.

We are glad now to turn into the shade of this narrow street, for the sun is hot. Did you see that little girl run like a frightened partridge? Notice how these people "take in" a new comer. The Bible woman greeted a woman as we passed and she courteously invited us to stop, but we went on. It is not always easy to remember the houses. After we passed a house we turned back and the Bible woman assured us this was the house of the mother of Sabah, a Moslem, and rapped with the iron knocker. Sabah, a little girl of perhaps four years, opened the door and soon her mother appeared and welcomed us cordially and ushered us into the sitting room. A guest had preceeded us, so there were two to listen as Amalya, one of the girls in the Training School, read Parables of the unjust Judge, and the the Pharisee and the publican. The Bible woman explained it simply, then asked if I wished to say anything. I made a few remarks on the lesson, and after prayer as we arose to go asked her if she would pray every day, even if only a very few words.

Near the end of the same street we entered a second house. It was their baking day, and they were very busy indeed, but seemed glad to see us. After shifting a large bread pan and bread board, a place was made for chairs and we were seated in their midst. It was an interesting sight to watch their operations. A woman sat in front of the large mud oven with its open door, over-seeing the baking process, and occasionally adding fuel of sticks to the fire at one side. Both fuel and bread by the same door. The loaves were moved and turned with a long flat stick. One woman measured the dough, a handful at a time, and formed it into a small round pat. When her wooden tray was full she handed it to the next one who patted the small round loaves out flat on a round wooden plate, then passed it on to two others who in turn flattened them still more, tossing the dough skilfully many times to turn it. Though the dough looks like pie crust, as it is patted so thin, it puffs up very high as it bakes, and is hollow inside. I like this bread when it is hot. They make it in large quantities and it keeps for a long time. All this I watched as the Bible woman read, and the women listened as they worked. Some places we have been refused when they were baking, but these women did not object. The Bible woman chose to read the instance of Jesus feeding the multitude with the loaves and fishes. After she explained the story, one asked if I understood Arabic. I said yes, and read the 35th verse of the same chapter, "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst," and told them, as we need bread to eat to give strength to our body, so we need Christ for our spiritual life. bread, men make the flour, but the wheat grows by the power of God. As Christ gave thanks for the bread, so we must thank God for our daily break as it all comes from Him.

This one house represented about four families, all making their bread together, for not every house has an oven.

Two of these Moslem women attended our Thank Offering service a few days later. We visited two other Moslem houses, and the last one a Coptic home. Here two almost grown-up boys came in from school and stayed to hear what we had to say. The mother is anxious to have two little girls in school, but they live such a long distance from our Girl's School. They had been in our school in Zagazig and miss it so much.

We had a hearty welcome in each house, and trust that seed was sown on good ground that will bring forth fruit.

LUCIA DWIGHT.

EDITORIAL.

MRS. GEORGE M. MOORE, Editor, Xenia, Ohio.

THE TRAINING FOR CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Among the great world movements of this century, none is more far reaching and momentous than that which concerns the development, of the young people of the Church in preparation for the missionary task of the Church. Having attended a good many conferences where Christian Missions, and missionary preparation and the promotion of special missionary studies, prevail and where the devotion and the fellowship of christian missionaries formed so much influence, as they gave their testimony and experiences as to the value and importance of the choice and training for this great duty, and opportunity, the conferences so provided and inspired with the missionary principles. We say such conferences must bring great and lasting good to the Church. The conviction deepens year after year that the Church should finance its annual missionary conferences as now established in behalf of the young people receiving missionary instruction.

If young men and young women are to be the chosen messengers for foreign mission service, then there should be the best education possible to provide during the period of the conference. When year after year there are young people who plan to attend these conferences and coincide with all the requirements of the ten day program, there must consist a constituency of great value to the Church in its program for world wide christian missions. Our own United Presbyterian Church has much to rejoice in the religous and missionary influence of the foreign mission conferences, at New Wilmington Pa. and Tarkio Missouri. We have proof that from these conferences many young people have made decisions for life service. Mission study is expected and arranged for every young person.

The evidence is equally clear that meeting and hearing the experience of missionaries has its influence to quicken the obligation of the Church membership, where we are equally obligated to christian service, whether we "Go or Send." Many young lives have heard their first call to service at the New Wilmington and the Tarkio Missionary Conference. The problem of keeping hold of the young people for future church leadership and to help them find their place in worldwide work for Christ finds a valuable and large solution when the young man and the young woman has had the influence of the Christian Conference to impress them.

We are always interested to follow year after year the interest shown by many of the finest young people who attend these conferences. They just must be interested in the valuable preparation for christian service offered, else they would not choose to come nor be so happy when they can come. Missionary literature and Missionary addresses are great factors in winning to Missionary service, but there is yet something higher in its influence in cultivating and deepening christian instruction. It is the *personal touch with consecrated leaders*, men and women who know in *whom* they believe and trust. Perhaps the foreign missionary has the largest experience in reliance upon God's care and guidance of any class of christians. People who study christian missions know of the miracles of grace in mission lands. Yet there are countless experiences of the

grace of believing and trusting in the lands and with the people we dwell with in the home land. We can not all go to the foreign mission fields. We have just as worthy a duty if we remain at home and the opportunity, of attending the foreign mission conferences does not mean that all must enlist some time as foreign missionaries. It is just as important and equally obligatory to carry from these annual meetings the personal responsibility to *know* as it is to *go*. Our acquaintence with the world wide problems of the Church will keep us in close and true relation with the Church and all its problems. It is just a wonderful inspiration to have seen this summer at The New Wilmington Conference for ten days, of mission study and Bible study also, more than *four hundred young people.* Fine handsome clean countenances, the best looking young people in the United Presbyterian Church. What an asset for the Church! How great and serious should be the thought of the Church counsel as it places a standard of Christian fidelity, and Christian consistency upheld by consistent loyal preachers, and men and women in the pews. When young people gather in Y. P. C. U. conventions and in missionary conferences, it is not merely for the fun of being there! A higher purpose compels them to go. Will the United Presbyterian Church from pulpit to pew in the crisis of its temptations to be like other people, fail to see that few "*other* people" are having such records of their young people in consecration and in intelligent enlistment for service in any proportion at least as is shown in the meetings held in behalf of the young people of our Church.

God has greatly honored the United Presbyterian Church in its fields of service! May we never lose our portion of His grace to us, by becoming less devoted to our principles of worship and obedience. May we continue as we have been instructed in the generation of the past. The sight of such a host of young people as at New Wilmington Conference should inspire devotion loyalty and hope for the United Presbyterian Church.

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MOTHERS AND CHILDREN OF THE SUDAN.

Have you read carefully and thoughtfully this Sudan special number? The mothers and the children are always the greatest sufferers in a land without the knowledge of Jesus Christ. The pages of this number should be read very thoughtfully. Who are we that we have escaped the tragedies of heathendom. Let us read and consider the wide difference there exists, simply because Christianity has reached this land. There are few things more important to us than the opportunity and privilege of making Christ known to the waiting millions of whom we study in this issue. Of course all our fields claim this same interest from us. How any one can say they do not believe in Foreign Missions is at least a contradiction, when we say we believe in the Bible we have to include all that is commanded there in, and who are we that we can claim a knowledge of God and His way of salvation to us and then say "the heathens are satisfied, leave them to their own religion." Study this story of the life of the women and children of the Sudan and see if you would choose to let them remain in the dense ignorance our missionaries find them. Talk with missionaries concerning missions to the non-christian world. Read this story sympathetically.

THE DEPARTURE OF MRS. A. W. JAMIESON.

Mrs. A. W. Jamieson formerly a member of the Editorial staff of the Women's Missionary Magazine in its early years, died suddenly Aug. 21st, the result of an accident *enroute* to Monmouth Illinois. Mrs. Jamieson was an enthusiastic friend of The Women's Missionary Magazine, she was a most inspiring friend to commune with concerning the affairs of the kingdom. All the activities of The Women's Missionary Society were known and dear to her. She was a student of christian missions, she was a most loyal friend of the Negro race. Mrs. Jamieson was not physically strong, but she was mighty and strong in her Christian life, she had gifts of rare excellence and the loss of her will be great. Many friends mourn her sudden departure. Generous hospitable and true, she enters we doubt not, with abundant welcome into the everlasting habitations where she will be no more limited by physical weakness.

Rev. A. W. Jamieson D. D. her husband has the deep sympathy of many friends, also to Mrs. Jennie Logue Campbell of Monmouth, Ill., the step mother of Mrs. Jamieson this sudden taking away of her devoted daughter falls heavily. The Christian's life and reward is shown in all that is associated with the life and departure of our friend Mrs. A. W. Jamieson.

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SAILING OF MISSIONARIES AUGUST 25TH.

Now upon the great deep there is sailing a vessel carrying the precious cargo of lives of those who are enroute to our mission fields. Mrs. H. C. Campbell gives the list of those under care of Women's Board (see page 2). The married missionaries returning and newly elected under care of our Foreign Board sail also to their respective fields. Our personal interest in them as dear friends, as well as our obligation to them as our embassadors, for Christian service, calls forth our love and our prayers. Wonderful indeed to understand and respond to the great message of Jesus Christ in his call "Go ye and teach" and give the message of eternal life! and then the only promise of abiding comfort ever any one can depend upon, follows in "Lo I am with you always." It is wonderful is it not? to hear the call.

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NOTICE

The Annual Statistical Reports are on sale in the Literature Department of the Women's General Missionary Society, 904 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. THE PRICE IS FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY.

These reports show the membership of every society in our Church, also the amount of money contributed by these societies to every department of our work.

MRS. D. J. BROWN,
Statistical Secretary.

THANK-OFFERING DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN.
Thank-offering Secretary.
805 Taylor Avenue, Avalon, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Business Address: 905 Publication Building, Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A REQUEST.

If a Presbyterial Thank-offering secretary has been elected since the report was sent to the Statistical Secretary April 15, 1923 please send the name and the correct address to 905 Publication Building. Last year many letters were returned and much extra work was given us trying to find the Presbyterial Secretary. Please do not neglect thes. It will save time, money and patience. The very day the blanks are received fill out the card enclosed and mail at once.

September 4th 1923 there was mailed to all presidents of women and young women societies and to Superintendent of Junior societies a letter of four parts.

First, a Message for the society, with plans and instructions.

Second, The Story the 1922 Thank-Offering Blanks Tell.

Third, New List of Supplies.

Fourth, New Responsive Service. "Thankful Worship.

We trust that each president will read or have read at the next meeting of the society the Message and the Story. The list of supplies should be placed in the hands of the Thank-offering secretary that she may order soon any supplies needed for the coming Ingathering or any leaflet or pageant that would help in the monthly program or in the services in preparation for the annual thank-offering service.

All leaflets and supplies have been prepared for the use of the societies and will be very helpful to all.

Send all orders to 905 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

READ THIS

An order mailed to the home address of secretary always means delay. No supplies are kept at home and the order must be remailed or taken into the office which means the order can not be filled as soon as received. If any orders sent to the home address in June or July were not filled we are very sorry. Many orders followed the secretary to Los Angeles Convention then back to the home address and then into the mountains of Colorado. Some may have been lost in the travels. If you have not received your supplies please pardon and reorder at once, and we will be delighted to fill the order the same day it is received if you mail it to 905 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THANG-OFFERING STEPS.

Wake up the indifferent and careless.

Get up into close touch with Him who is your strength.

Go up higher in aims and efforts.

Take up study of work that needs help.

Catch up if you have fallen behind in giving.

Keep up by more liberal giving each year.

Pray up gifts out of closed purses.

Talk up what wonderful blessings God has given His own, through their giving gifts of gratitude.

Mary Clokey Porter.

QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER MISSIONARY MEETING.

As every man has received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.—I Peter 4:10.

1. Should only members of the society use boxes?
2. When should preparation for the next Thank-Offering be begun?
3. What is the best method you know?
4. What place does prayer have in this movement?
5. Do you think a more faithful use of the Prayer Cycle would tend to increase the Thank-Offering?

"For if you put by little to little, and do so often, it will quickly become much."—Hesoid.

TAKE TIME TO PRAY.

God gives us time.
We should use it for Him.
Set apart a stated hour.
Let it be filled daily-with prayer.
Be definite in your petitions.
Pray for the salvation of souls.
Pray for the workers.
Pray for the work.
Pray for enlarged contributions.
Pray for more liberal Thank-Offerings.
Pray for the true spirit of giving.
Pray for those not interested in His work.
Pray for our coming Ingathering.
Pray the prayer that reaches heaven, the fervent prayer.
Watch for the answer!

A THANK OFFERING TO ALL MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

In every thing give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. 1 Thessalonians, 5:18.

Every day of the Christians life should be a thanksgiving day. God's gifts to us are daily and we should express our gratitude to Him daily.

As we review the year we recount the wonderful blessings we have received from His hand.

The work of the women of the Church has been abundantly blessed. When the annual reports were completed it was found that there had been an increase in every department. New societies had been organized, more women were members of the societies, more money had been contributed,

He gave us the blessing of a large Thank Offering. $160,411.63 an increase of $9545.14 over the amount of the previous year.

For this we should praise Him. We are not to think of what has been accomplished but of what should be accomplished that the Light of Jesus Christ may be carried to the millions still in darkness.

As the time of our annual "Ingathering" approaches we look back upon the work of the year and ask were we each faithful to the trust He committed to our hands?

He wants our best of devotion, time, thought, interest, enthusiasm, and gifts. Have we given Him the BEST?

Strive to have each woman in the congregation an active member of a missionary society.

Read aloud to your society the "Story the 1922 Thank-Offering Blanks tell." It will enthuse and stimulate every member to greater effort for the 1923 Thank-Offering.

Give your Thank-Offering Poster a prominent place Each time you see it thank God for the amount He gave you last year and pray that He will bless your coming offering.

Decide upon the date of your service early and keep this date before the members for several weeks previous to the "Ingathering."

Many societies are planing to present the new pageant Miss Thankless becomes Miss Thankful. This could be presented during preparation week. The need in each of our fields is great. May each woman resolve to increase her offering this year.

"Bring thy best for He is kingly;
Bring thy offering full and free;
Thou canst never match His bounty,
For He gave His life for thee.

Look on all His gifts around thee,
Gifts that make it joy to live;
Best of all, O regal kindness!
He has given thee power to give.

O to give with glad thanksgiving,
Freely, freely we receive!
Counting this our crowning blessing
That He gives us power to give."

HOW CAN WE SHOW OUR THANKFULNESS?

By working more earnestly for the advancement of His kingdom.

By enlisting every woman into His service.

By pouring into the treasury our thank-offerings.

HOW CAN WE MAKE OUR 1923 THANK-OFFERING OUR BEST?

Pray for it. Pray daily, pray in your societies and prayer groups. Work for it. Decide on a goal in excess of last years offering. Encourage all members to make daily use of Thank-Offering boxes. Advertise your thank-offering service. Send personal invitations. Plan to observe the week previous to "ingathering" as week of self denial, thanksgiving and prayer.

Keep all interested in Life Memberships and Life Directorships. Senior Life Membership $25.00, Junior Life Membership $10.00, Life Directorship $300.00.

In sending these the name must accompany the money. The treasurer of the society sends names and money to the presbyterial treasurer and she in turn sends to the General Treasurer.

Great blessings are in store for those who wait upon Him.

INSTRUCTIONS.

1. Order Thank-Offering envelopes and leaflets (free for postage) in time to send out a week or ten days before the date of your "Ingathering," and mail or send out through committees to all the women in your congregation. It is helpful for the Thank-Offering Committee to send with each envelope a personal letter of invitation and plea, for a liberal offering.

2. Plan to meet the expense of carrying on the Thank-Offering work in your congregation from the contingent fund of your societies, and never—no never—take it from your Thank-Offering.

3. Do not retard the work of your Presbyterial Thank-Offering Secretary, and mar the annual report of your General Thank-Offering Secretary by procrastination or failure, to send in your blanks well-filled and on time.

4. Blanks for reports from Women's, Young Women's and Junior Societies, will be sent to your Presbyterial Thank-Offering Secretary by September 5th. If you fail to get blanks promptly, do not fail to write her and ask for them.

5. *Do not use your Thank-Offerings:*
   (a) To meet congregational expenses.
   (b) To make up congregational pledges to Church Boards.
   (c) For church benevolences.
   (d) For church or parsonage furnishings or for debt.
   (e) For society pledges or contingent expenses.
   (f) For any object—*however worthy it may be*—outside of the mission work under the care of the Women's Board.
   (g) For New World Movement pledges.

   Please don't cripple the work your society is organized to support, by diverting your Thank-Offerings into any channel outside of that for which the women of the church are held responsible.

6. The Treasurer of the Women's Board—Mrs. J. B. Hill, 1531 Denniston Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., closes her books for the 1923 offering on January 1, 1924, hence your offering should be in her hands—through your Presbyterial Treasurer—not later than the middle of December.

7. See that every family in your congregation is well supplied with Senior Thank-Offering boxes for the next year's offering and with the little pink Junior boxes where there are children. Use last year's boxes as far as possible, on account of present cost of same.

8. Order all supplies from 905 Publication Building, Ninth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., and not from your Secretary's home address 805 Taylor Ave., Avalon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERS

At $25 Each.

Beginning July 15th, Ending August 15th.

35. Mrs. Shahbaz, Gurdaspur, India, American Mission, by Rawalpindi Women's Presbyterial.
36. Miss Edna P. Erwin, Navigation St., Beaver, Pa., by her mother.
37. Mrs. William R. Schwartz, Dravo Ave., Beaver, Pa., by her mother.

YOUNG WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,
MISS IDA B. LITTLE,

MOTTO: "YOU CANNOT HASTEN SUCCESS BY HURRYING."
AIM: MOVE IN A STRAIGHT LINE. "A STRAIGHT LINE IS THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS."

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK FOR 1922—1923.

Pasrur Girl's Boarding School, India. Support asked, $4,324. Salaries of three missionaries in Home Fields: Miss Johnson: Supt. Henderson Hospital, Henderson, N. C. Mrs. Mary Magee: Matron of Dormitory, Frenchburg, Ky. Miss Sawhill: City Missionary, Spokane Washington.

Amount asked, $2,440. Total askings, $6,764. Each society is asked to contribute at the rate of $1.00 per member.

NEW YOUNG WOMEN'S SOCITIES.

Wisconsin Presbyterial—Rock Prairie, 12 members—Pres. Marion Lamb, Jonesville, Wis., R. D. No. I.

This is September. Perhaps you organized a circle or other Young womens society last April after the 15th or in May or later. Have you sent the facts in to your presbyterial secretary of Young Women or to the general secretary? Now is the time to do it if you have delayed in this.

If your presbyterial has elected a new Young Women's secretary since last April 15 or will do so this fall, please notify headquarters at once. If every one is prompt no one will be embarrassed by needless waiting.

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL.

Have you read the July number of the Magazine? If not, look up the reports especially your own, and see what the special has been and will be.

BIBLE QUESTION'S.

It was hoped to have the first of a new list of Bible questions in the September number of the Magazine. Look for it a little later. Lay the trouble at the feet of the U. S. mail. It did not carry the desired material to its desired place on time.

IF IT HAD BEEN YOU

She was a tiny girl as to size, but teen age as to years. Afflicted in body to almost the unbearable point, yet her desire to do worth while things was not quenched.

While her body scarcely developed at all, her brain grew and her intellect broadened yearly as she attended school. She was so cheerful despite all her difficulties, a second edition of Pollyanna. She was possessed of strong courage. Although so far below normal size and subject to illness she was not daunted. A ready contest conducted by the Church was at hand. Would she enter? Should her handicaps hinder her? Would she remain in the background because she was different from other girls of her age? No, not even if, on winning, she would be called upon to appear before a large audience in a strange place.

Just seeing such an one undertake so much, all the while exhibiting so many graces, has brought to mind the prevailing tendency among many young and older people. This tendency is to play at life. Many young people think it old fashioned to be known as helpful in the Church. They fear being classed as "moss-backs" or slow or some other undesirable title. They go out of their way to have a good time, but declare themselves as "worn to a frazzle" if asked to perform a Churchly duty. If these same people were asked to enter a contest such as that referred to above, would they feel constanced to do so? If not, why not?

There must be a reason. The stunded body can not excel in physical prowess. It lacks powers. May not arrested spiritual development be a reason for young people failing to undertake great things in the realm of the Spiritual? No one likes to acknowledge that any of our young people, especially those in Christian homes, lack in any sort of growth. The young people themselves want to be considered worthwhile, people of real courage and attainment. True they seem to take great delight in boasting of their "wildness" and disregard for holy things and their devotion to frivalities. In spite of all this, they want to have a

good name and to be thought of as intelligent citizens. What estimate should be placed on them?

What every one needs is a true measure of self and its relation to the world. There is plenty of opportunity, courage is abundant, no doubt, and of enthusiasm there is no lack. Are these possessions being turned to good purpose? Success is not bounded entirely by body, strong as it may be. Oftentimes handicapped young people accomplish more than those who are free and unhampered.

Suppose you were weak and sickly, would you feel like attempting something hard? Since you are well and strong, what are *you* going to *be* to your *Sabbath School Class,* your *Church,* your *Missionary Society,* the world at large? "Even Christ pleased not himself." Let us not hinder our own growth and that of others by selfishness. May each one be brave and true.

IDA B. LITTLE.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIGAN, Secretary, 904 Publication Bldg., 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

In ordering supplies for next year's study courses, please be careful to use the following titles, so that no mistake will be made in understanding your order.

Senior Foreign

Creative Forces In Japan. Cloth 75c., paper 50c.

How to use Creative Forces In Japan. 15c.

Junior Foreign

The Honorable Japanese Fan. (Paper Only). 40c.

Manual for Leaders using, "The How To Use," etc., 15c.

Japan Primary Picture Stories. Per set 50c

Picture Sheets:

The People of Japan, 25c.

Boys and Girls of Japan, 25c

Maps: Small outline map of Japan (About 11x14 in.) per doz., 25c.

Senior Home.

The Debt Eternal. Cloth 75c., Paper 50c.

Suggestions To Leaders of "The Debt Eternal." 15c.

Junior Home.

Better Americans. 60c.

This is the first volume in a three-year cycle to be called the Better America Series.

Something entirely new, being a book intended for leaders only. These complete plans for a twelve weeks' course, with practical suggestions for study, play dramatization, and work, make the position of leader comparatively easy. The topics include:

America A Caretaker.
Thrift.
Education.
Love of Beauty.
Getting and Using Money.
Justice.
Reverence.
Respect For Law.
Loyalty.
Friendship.

Primary Picture Stories. Helping Uncle Sam. Per Set 50c.

Standard Mission Study Books.

Facts and Folks in Our Fields Abroad. Cloth 75c., paper, 50c.

How to Use "Facts and Folks," 15c.

The UP Trail, 40c.

How To Use "The UP Trail," 15c.

Pictures and Tickets for "The UP Trail" trip, 1c each, Per Doz., 10c.

Missionary Lessons for Youngest Juniors, 30c.

Missionary Mother Goose Rhymes, 25c.

Little Brothers of Mine, 30c.

Standard Supplies.

Prayer Cycles, 10c., each, per dozen $1.00.

Daughters of India, 10c., each, per dozen, $1.00.

The Power House at Pathankot, 75c.

The President's Book, 15c.

Recitation Book for Juniors and L. L. B. 25c.

Missionary Mother Goose Rhymes, 25c.

Wall Roll, $1.00.

FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS.

MRS. ADA KERR WILSON, Secretary, 510 McNair Avenue, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

The Summer has brought some changes in our list of workers. Miss Anna Weir, who was a teacher for many years in the sewing department at Knoxville, will assume her position again after several years absence on account of ill health. We are glad to welcome her back to her chosen field and wish her many years of service.

The vacancy in the Robinson Memorial Hospital Millers Ferry, has been filled by the election of Miss Nannie Rhea, a graduate nurse of our Knoxville Hospital training school. She is much interested in her new work, and hopes to make it a success. One of the nurses in the training class at Millers Ferry has been out on a community white case for seven weeks. The patient is improving and reports she is giving splendid service..

Miss Eva Johnson who has been superintendent at Jubilee Hospital for several years has resigned her position to take up some advance work. We are sorry to lose her, but wish her much success wherever she goes. This position is still vacant and all applications for it should be addressed either to Dr. John A. Cotton, Henderson, N. C., or to me at my address. The vacancy in the Knoxville College Hospital, has not been filled. The superintendent here is white and we have tried all summer to get a suitable person to take charge, but so far, have not succeeded.

Is there not a consecrated white nurse, who will assume this very important work?

Rev. Mr. Wade of Prairie sends a very interesting account of two little girls of his school, daughters of one of the elders of the Church at Prairie, one aged 9 who took second prize at Bible contest, the other 5 years old who can repeat the 51st Psalm and the 14 Chapter of John. He sent also pictures of these little girls, which will appear in a future number of the Junior Magazine. So you see, while we are training the children in the day school, we are also training them in the precepts of the Book of books.

The Mary Clokey Porter dormitory at Millers Ferry will, we hope, be finished in time for the opening of school. This building will house 60 girls. The dinning room in the basement will accommodate all the boarders both boys and girls. This new building, together with the improvements made on all our dormitories will make the campus here look very inviting.

F. L. Bennett, the farmer at Prairie reports crops doing very well. Not quite so good as last year because of the frequent rains. They will get a medium crop of cotton, with good crops of hay, beans, sugar cane. Cattle are doing fine.

The interest in providing linens etc., for the hospitals in most encouraging. The following unique invitation was sent to the congregations of Xenia Presbyterial.

Away off, down in Knoxville town,
They need a Hospital shower
Come, bring us a bit to help it along
And give what is in your power.
A sheet or blanket would be fine,
Trays, towels and wash cloths are in line;
Napkins, curtains and pillow cases
Are needed for the vacant places,
In the box we wish to fill—
For the patients at Knoxville,
Absorbent cotton and tray cloths small
Hot water bottles, there's need for all."

It is needless to report this invitation awakened a responsive chord in the hearts of the dear women, and a most generous contribution of the articles mentioned, too numerous for our report, was the result. Many thanks to this and all other societies which have thus shown their interest in the hospitals of this department.

INDIAN DEDEPARTMENT.

Mrs. John S. Crawford, Secretary, 5 Trenton Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

The reports from the Indian Missions have been very satisfactory. Mrs. Wiegering and your Secretary visited the three missions after the Women's General Missionary Convention and were very much pleased with the work acomplished during the past year.

We arrived at Warm Springs on the evening of the third of July and had a very much needed rest and were in good condition for the Indian celebration on the fourth.

The Indians bring their tents and stoves and have a regular camp just below the mission property. We went down to the camp in time to see the parade. The Indians were dressed in their finest Indian Costumes and rode horses beautifully decorated, blankets with beaded borders under the saddles and some with bright ribbons. After the parade Mr. Barr gave a very interesting patriotic address and some of the Indians played and sang patrotic songs. In the afternoon we went to see the races which were both interesting and exciting, especially the Bucking Race. A wild horse is brought into the circle, an Indian blindfolds it and holds it by the ears while the one who is to ride very cautiously puts the saddle on and then mounts. When the Indian takes the cover from the horse's eyes the excitement begins and you can hardly tell whether it is on its two front feet or its hind ones. If the Indian boy succeeds in sticking on, the horse soon settles down and is conquered. If you want to see something exciting just visit our Indian Mission next Fourth of July, or two or three days after for their celebration last several days.

On account of the rain lasting for about thirty-six hours we remained at Warm Springs until Friday morning. Mr. Barr had intended taking us to Simnasho in his car, but the roads were so bad it was impossible. Two of our Christian Indians took us in a two horse wagon through mud, mud, mud down one mountain and up another. We started about 8:30 in the morning and arrived at Simnasho about 5 o'clock in the evening, a distance of twenty-three miles. We did not exceed the speed limit at any time. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews were beginning to think something had happened to us, and Mr. Barr phoned to find out if we had arrived safely.

It gave us great pleasure to find Mr. Matthews quite himself again after his very serious illness.

The service on Sabbath was very well attended. Seventy-two Indians came from the camp. We were sorry not to meet Mr. Styer and Herbert as they were away from home. During the evangelistic services Herbert was one of the number who confessed Christ as his Saviour, which was a great joy to his father.

It was a great pleasure to meet blind Beechkim again. He came to visit us at Dr. Barr's and told me that he had been praying for eight years that I would come back some time and now his prayer was answered.

After three days and nights travel we arrived at Tama at 3:38 in the morning July 12th. About seven we phoned Mr. Smith who came and took us out to the mission and before we even entered the home we had to inspect the new chapel, and found it very complete in every way, excepting blinds for the windows. The new piano so generously given by a very interested woman means very much to both paster and people, and is a delight to Mrs. Smith who plays for the newly organized quartett.

We certainly had a full day. Mr. Smith took us to the Sanitorium where we visited George Young Bear who has had trouble with his eyes. The Doctor was uncertain about his sight, but the treatment is helping him very much. George is one of our most promising Christians, he is a graduate of Haskil and is very anxious to continue his studies that he may be able to minister to his people. His two little sisters, Clara and Hazel, are members of our Orphan's Home family and are learning very rapidly. What a great blessing the Home will be for these little ones.

During this visit we found many very badly needed repairs—conductors on parsonage, new walks, new steps on Churches and parsonages, new fences, new lamps for Simnasho Church, painting buildings, rebuilding spring house at Warm Sphings, new roof parsonage at Tama and new window shades every where.

THE NEGRO'S PLEA

From Commission on Interracial Cooperation
409 Palmer Building, Atlanta, Ga.

PROF. W. A. BELL.

Our strong arm has felled the country's wide-extended forests; our sinewy back is the mud-sill upon which the Southland has builded the magnificent proportions of its agricultural, industrial and commercial structures; the sweat of our brow and the tears of our soul have moistened and made fertile these sweeping plains; while our plantation melodies reverberate among the hills and blended with the soft rythm of Southern breezes. Here our noblest womanhood of the yester-years folded upon their bosoms and took to their faithful hearts the white infants of the South and breathed into their young souls a new sense of virtue and loyalty as they crooned them to sleep to the rythmical lilt of their sorrow songs.

We have never faltered in any crises of the nation's history. In every martial conflict we have hastened to lay our life and treasure upon the nation's altars. All the way from State street in Boston, to the sacred sands of Mexico, and thence across the mighty deep to the far-flung battle lines in Europe, Negro soldiery, has bled from countless wounds in defense of the nation's honor and security.

And now, my friends, the millions of my people wait expectant. With hope in their souls and with faith in you and trust in God, they lift their eyes and from hearts brave and true and longing there rises a mighty united cry: "How long, O knightly America! "How long shall we be denied a freeman's place in the nation's civilization?" And we have faith that that cry is not lifted in vain.

THE FUTURE OF RACE RELATIONS

A Grave Problem to which the White Man Holds the Key.

From Commission on Interracial Cooperation
409 Palmer Building, Atlanta, Ga.

ROBERT B. ELEAZER.

A study of contemporary Negro life and literature reveals one distinct trend, namely a rapidly developing race consciousness which is already widely prevalent among the thinking classes, and fast becoming universal. This manifests itself in many ways, in growing race pride and ambition, in discontent with unfair conditions, in an urgent appeal for justice, and in a new sense of racial solidarity. That such a trend has come about is neither surprising nor deplorable. Assuming that the race had any possibilities of development beyond a state of actual or virtual slavery, it was bound to come sooner or later. Indeed, it is indispensable to any considerable degree of progress. No race ever went far without it.

In the case of the Negro the development of this trend has been hastened by the prevalence of unfavorable conditions, economic, social and political. No people of any spirit could continue to live in a daily peril of unrestrained mob murder, for example, without a deep sense of injustice and a growing demand for legal protection. With-

out these unfavorable stimuli, the Negro's race consciousness would have developed all the same, but doubtless more slowly and without certain elements of bitterness which, however deplorable, are the inevitable out-growth of conditions as they have been.

This trend again was tremendously accelerated by the war, and particularly by the stirring state papers of President Wilson, with their emphasis on democracy and the rights of small peoples to development and self-determination. The race, sending two hundred thousand of its young men to France and loyally supporting the war at home, not unnaturally felt that when it was over things would not be quite the same. They expected more of sympathy, less of prejudice and unjust discrimination, fuller protection of life, and greater opportunity for a normal and happy existence.

The results were disillusioning in the extreme. The breach was widened rather than closed. The Negro troops who marched away acclaimed by all as heroes, came back objects of distrust and fear. Suspicion and prejudice were increased, mob violence burst out afresh and race riots flamed up in city after city. The tension tightened everywhere and the nation awaited the outcome with great suspense. There were not wanting radical members of both races to fan the flames, and the situation for awhile looked dark indeed.

Happily, at this juncture, conservative Christian leadership came to the front in both races. Conferences were held for the interchange of views and the discussion of grievances. A Commission on Interracial Cooperation was organized and vigorous steps were taken to carry its spirit and method as quickly as possible into every community where the situation was critical. The growing fires were checked and the threatened conflagration averted.

Meantime, however, the growth of race consciousness had gained irresistible headway. It cannot now be stopped, even were it desirable to stop it. It must inevitably go on.

Whether the outcome of this trend shall be good or ill depends upon the spirit which shall dominate it and the direction it shall take. This in turn is a matter of leadership. If the consecrative group, men of the type of Washington and Moton, Tuskegee Institute, can retain the ascendancy which it now has, demanding for the Negro equality of opportunity, legal protection and all other essential human rights, but insisting also upon the preservation of racial integrity on the part of both races then the problem should be of comparatively easy solution along the lines of parallel, amicable, and mutually helpful development of both races.

Finally (and here we reach the heart of the matter as it affects the white race the question of which type of Colored leadership shall prevail depends at last upon the attitude of the white man. The Negro is naturally conservative. Nothing short of despair will drive him in large numbers into the radical camp. By nature he is friendly and loyal. He prefers peace rather than turmoil. His music reflects his spirit, deeply religious, long suffering, patient in tribulation, abounding in hope. By gladly conceding only what he has every right to ask, and what we as Christian citizens have every obligation to grant—namely, respect, protection, justice, the opportunity for happiness and development that God meant for all, the white man can hold and increase the Negro's love and

loyalty and guarantee the future of both races.

On the other hand, if these fundamental human rights be persistently withheld and the Negro's confidence finally lost, we shall sow a harvest of hate and bitterness that our children must reap in blood and tears.

It is white America that is on trial today, not the Negro alone. May God help us in this crisis to choose aright!

Atlanta, Ga.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary, 340 S. Hiland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The great event of the Missionary Circles around Pittsburgh is the New Wilmington Conference. The Preliminary Conference between Boards and outgoing party was held August first and third inclusive. The following program will give you some idea of how interesting and instructive the discussions were, returning missionaries, new missionaries, and members of the Boards taking part.

PRELIMINARY CONFERENCE OF MISSIONARIES

New Wilmington, Pa.
Aug. 1-3, 1923.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 1ST.

MORNING SESSION.

9:30-10:00 Devotional.
The Missionary Spirit of the Home Church.
10:00-10:30 (a) Testimony of Missionaries.
10:30-11:00 (b) Her Motive in Sending Missionaries.
11:00-11:30 (c) What Kind of Missionary Can Accomplish the Purpose of the Church.
11:30- Discussion and Prayer.

AFTERNOON SESSION

2:30-3:00 Devotional.
I. The Mission and the Native Church.
3:00-3:20 (a) The Spirit of Nationalism in the Native Church.
3:20-3:40 (b) Attitude of the Natives to the Missionaries.
3:40-4:00 (c) How Nearly Is Native Church Ready to Assume. Responsibility for Evangelizing Its Field.
II. What Tests Apply to Determine Whether an Institution Is Evangelistic.
4:00-4:30 (a) Educational Work.
4:30-5:00 (b) Medical Work.

EVENING SESSION

7:30-10:00 Social Meeting.

THURSDAY, AUG. 2ND.

MORNING SESSION

9:30-10:00 Devotional.
Missionary Addresses before the Home Church.
10:00-10:15 What Should Be the Subject Matter.
10:15-10:30 What Should Be the Central Objective.
10:30-10:45 How Long Should One Speak.
10:45-11:00 Should the Address Be Written in Preparation.
11:00-11:15 How Much Thought Should Be Given to Delivery.
11:15-11:30 What Handicaps Does the Missionary at First Feel.
11:30-11:45 How Can the Board Help the Missionary Prepare.
11:45-12:00 What is the Attitude of the Home Church toward the Missionary.

AFTERNOON SESSION

2:30-3:00 Devotional.
Cooperation Abroad with Cultivation at Home.
I. Missionaries Assigned for Special Support.
3:00-3:15 (a) Why Are These Assignments Made.

3:15-3:30 (b) What Are the Best Methods for the Missionary to Use in Cultivating This Relationship.
3:30-3:45 (c) How Do the Boards Seek to Cooperate.
II. Objects for Special port.
3:45-4:00 (a) What are the Values in These, To the Contributor; to the Missionary; to the Board.
4:00-4:15 (b) Difficulties and Problems of this Department.
III. Provision of Material Yearly for the Handbook, etc.
4:15-4:30 (a) Problems in the Field Relating to This.
4:30-4:45 (b) Problems in the Board Office Relating to It.
4:45-5:00
IV. Securing Pictures in the Fields for the Board at Home.
7:30-9 P. M., Thursday, Devotional.

FRIDAY, AUG. 3RD.

MORNING SESSION

9:30-10:00 Devotional.
10:00-10:15 The Missionary and Money.
10:15-10:30 Solicitation of Funds.
(Group of Returning Missionaries).
10:30-10:45 (a) Rebuilding Health.
10:45-11:00 (b) Furlough Study. Its Inportance.
11:00-11:15 (c) Furlough Study at University of Chicago.
11:15-11:30 (d) Furlough Study at the Kennedy School of Missions, Hartford.
11:30-11:45 (e) Furlough Study at the Biblical Seminary, New York City.
11:45-12:00 (f) Furlough Study at the Los Angeles Bible Institute.
(Group of New Missionaries)
10:30-11:00 The Missionary and His Devotional Life.
11:00-12:00 The Manual.

AFTERNOON SESSION

2:30-3:00 Devotional.
(Group of Returning Missionaries).
3:00-4:00 I. Foreign Missions and the New World Movement.
(a) What is the New World Movement.
(b) What Place Do Foreign Missions Hold in it.
4:00-5:00 II. The Fall Campaign.
(a) The Territory and Dates.
(b) The Objectives.
(c) The Plan.
(d) The Program.
(e) The Missionaries Assisting.
(f) Prayer.
(Group of New Missionaries, Women).
3:00-4.00 The Missionary and Her Health.
4:00-5:00 The Missionary and Her Service.
(Group of New Missionaries, Men).
3:30-4.00 The Missionary and His Health.
4:00-5:00 The Missionary Home.

The next important item for the September Magazine is to give you the names of the missionaries elect. They are as follows:—To Egypt, Miss Sarah B. Meloy, Miss Jean S. Campbell, Miss Rose Smith, and Miss Lillian McClelland. To Abyssinia, Miss Florence Davison, Miss Florence White, Miss Hazel Ewing, and Mrs. Ruth L. Walker. Miss White sailed with Dr. Lambie's party to Addis Abeba where Miss Hazel Ewing will join them later in the year. Miss Davison and Mrs. Walker went to Sayo, sailing in July in order to take advantage of the last boat up the Nile. To India, Miss Grace Polkinghorn, Miss Viola Nourse, who is a graduate nurse; Miss Nellie Evelyn Tromans. Miss Edna Ward, and Miss Eunice Cleland.

We ask the prayers of the women of the Church for these young women who leave home to go to strange places for the first time, that they may be mighty instruments in the hands of the Holy Spirit for the upbuilding of the Kingdom.

The returning party is as follows:—to India, Miss Henrietta Cowden, Miss Nancey Hadley, Miss Harriet Jongewaard, Miss Fannie C. Martin, and Miss Mabel C. Stewart. To Egypt, Miss

Minnehaha Finney, and Miss Carol McMillan. To the Sudan, Miss Elsie Grove; making a party of twenty-one in all. The total number of names now on our roll is one hundred and forty-nine. Think of the honor God has conferred upon us in allowing us to be responsible for so many of His chosen representatives, and in furnishing the money from time to time necessary for their support.

You will be glad to learn that the reports from Miss Ruth Work are very encouraging. She has been spending a few weeks at Ottowa Beach, Michigan, enjoying the sunshine, the rest, and the companionship of friends. Pray that she may soon be permitted to return to Egypt where she has been such a power and where she is so badly needed as the new buildings for the Pressly Memorial Institute, are beginning to take shape.

Our missionaries are not all sailing at one date. Quite a number sail on August twenty-fifth, some of the rest on September tenth, and some of the others in November.

Dr. Lambie has sent word that he has definitely secured the land for the new hospital, and the king has agreed to pipe the water from a hill clear down to the ground at his own expense. The doctor has commenced to work on the first mission building, being a residence for himself and the others who are on the field. The money for the erection of this mission parsonage is already on its way.

A letter form the Treasurer of the Egyptian Mission asks for a remittance of $28,000 for the Tanta Community Center, and reports that the Fayoum Community Center will need $42,000. Our Treasurer, Mrs. J. B. Hill, has answered all these appeals, sending money in every instance.

A letter from the Treasurer of the of India, says that in some places fifty per cent of the money in the bank that closed its doors has already been received, and it is confidently expected that not a dollar of missionary funds will be lost.

We hope the women of the Church will be much in prayer these days not only for our foreign serviec, but for our work at home. The proposed new confession of faith sent down to overture by the General Assembly is causing a great deal of concern. There are ninety-five thousand women in our membership and we have no voice or vote on this very important question as to whether or not the United Presbyterian Church shall adopt the new confession of faith and abandon the old confession of faith which has been held by all Calvinistic Churches for so many years. Let us pray that the Holy Spirit may guide our Church that it may continue along conservative paths.

The Convention of 1923 is now history. Let us pray that the Lord will bless the convention and that great results may follow from our having met in that far away state.

Reports from Mrs. Milliken, our Junior Secretary, continue to be encouraging.

Mrs. Finney, Miss Una Coie, Miss Whitesides, and Miss Atchison have all reached the homeland in safety.

The Lord has made His power very manifest in answers to prayer these last few months. Let us continue to be faith ful and trust the Leader who has led us gloriously these forty years.

MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD
WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE
BOTH FOR $3.00.
SEND ORDERS TO THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE,
XENIA, OHIO.

FIELD SECRETARIES NOTES.

MISS KATE HILL, 904 Publication Bldg., 209 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PRAYER—ITS POWER.

"Away in foreign lands, they wondered how,
Their simple words had power,
At home, the Christians, two and three,
Had met to pray an hour."

Tuesday 10 A. M.

Guthrie, Oklahoma, a Home Mission congregation reports a Prayer Group.

PRAY—GIVE—GO.

"Three things the master hath to do,
And me who serve Him here believe
And long to see His Kingdom come,
May Pray or Give or Go.

He needs them all, the open Hand
The Willing Feet, the Praying Heart
To work together and to weave
A three fold cord that shall not part.

Not all can Go; not all can Give
To speed the message on its way
But young or old, or rich or poor
Or strong or weak—we all can pray.

Pray that gold filled hands may Give
To arm the others for the fray;
That those who hear the call may Go;
And Pray—that other hearts may Pray."

Selected.

STERLING CONVENTION

It was a great Convention. The crowds, the singing, the speakers, their messages, the fellowship, the hospitality. Everything sent us home with the conviction that our young people are able and willing to meet the challenge of Today.

The Method Hour was one of the most refreshing and practical of the whole program. In short, clear sentences Mr. Gates told us just what to do and how to do. If our young people's societies do not have more "pep" variety, and vision it will be because delegates *failed to carry out suggestions*

Every suggestion would be helpful to our missionary societies, Listen! "Do not work for crowds. It isn't *how many* you get out to your meeting but what you do with them after you get them out."

Apply that to your last missionary meeting and see if you did any thing that would compel attendance.

The missionary meeting was emphasized and the following test made to find out if the meeting is successful.

M—Meeting, not money.
I—Information.
S—Study (classes)
S—Stewardship (life prayer)
I—Intercession.
O—Organization.
N—Novelty.
S—Service.

AT YOUR NEXT MEETING.

Supply each one present with pencil and paper. Use the word *Program*, as the most important part of the monthly meeting. Make a similar list as the one above, beginning with the letters in *Program*.

1903—1923.

These dates almost slipped by unnoticed. Do you know what they mean? Philadelphia Young Women did and decided to celebrate the *Twentieth Anniversary* of Young Women's Missionary Societies by *doubling* their Thank-offering and securing one or more Life Members in each society.

LIFE MEMBERS—A SUGGESTION.

How many life members in your society? Are you using them in any secial way? Why not have a Life Members tea some afternoon and organize them as a sort of special circle. Here is a great opportunity, an unoccupied field.

Life membership ought to bring new responsibility, stir to new activities, add a wider and more personal interest.

These life members now constitute an immense and growing body of selected and influencial people.

They can add much to the local organization and would welcome some effort on the part of society and officers toward some special cultivation. A life Membership Tea. Who will report the first one?

AN EGYPTIAN AND HIS LITTLE CHILD

Courtesy American Bible Society.

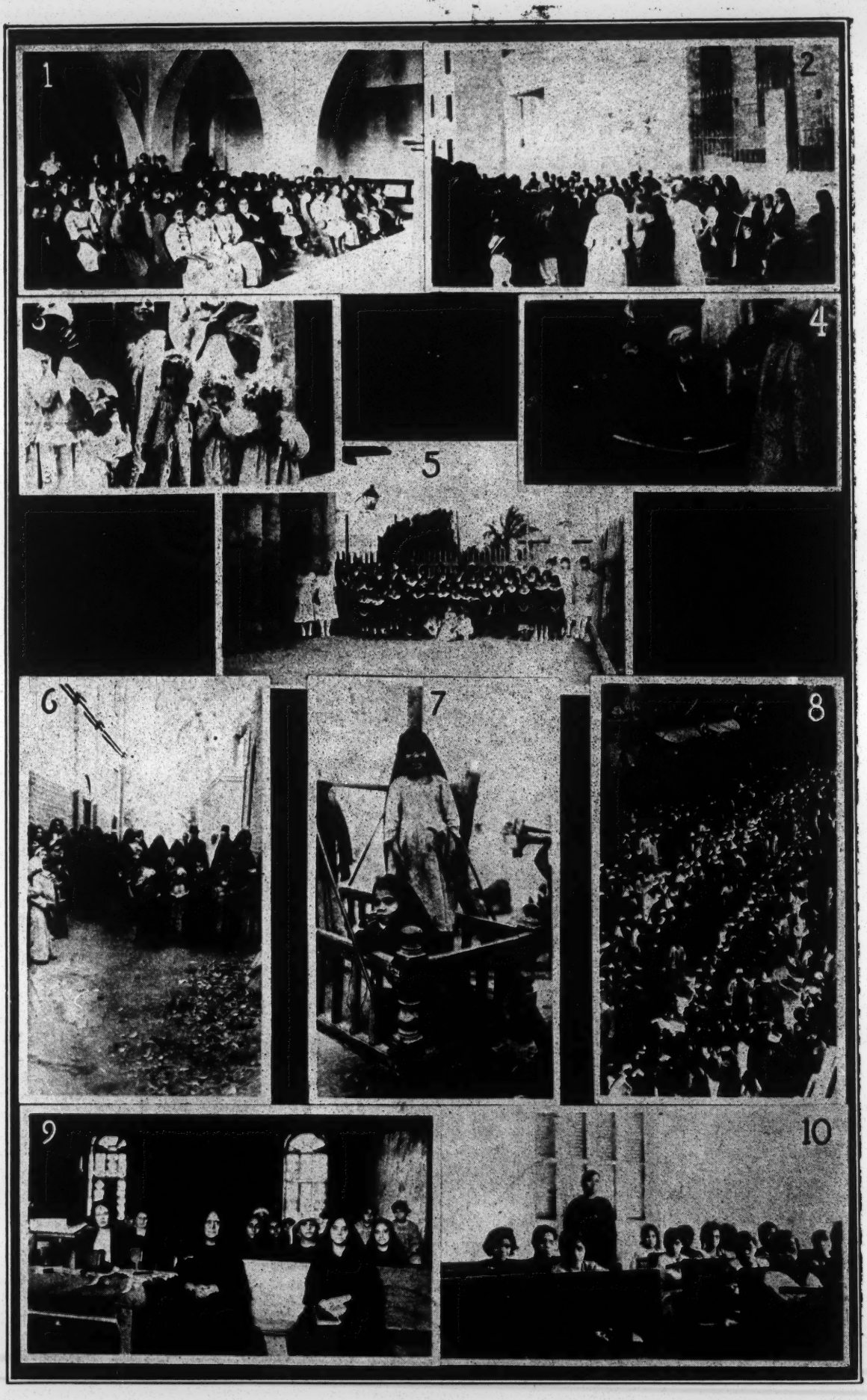
COMMENCEMENT DAY AT CAIRO GIRLS COLLEGE.

This picture shows the graduating class, faculty and honorary visitors on platform, also one of the most notable audiences at any commencement in Egypt. The Egyptian Gazette, Cairo Egypt, published an interesting account of the commencement, which is our privilege to give in this issue.

See page 154.

GROUP NO. I.

1. Mitry the faithful doorkeeper at the entrance to P. M. I. Assiut, Egypt. 2. The little P. M. I. Boarders whose domestic work is the care of the missionary's room, making up the missionary's bed on the roof, as a roof in Egypt is the most comfortable sleeping room one can find at night. Assiut, Egypt. 3. Two little sisters day pupils at Assiut, P. M. I. 4. The "basket girls" at P. M. I. Assiut, whose business it is to gather up all lost and carelessly mislaid articles and collect fines from the owners. The object being to teach the girls tidiness and order and proper care of personal belongings. 5. A little day pupil who has just come with her bag of books in her hand. Assiut, Egypt. 6. "Mitry" the faithful doorkeeper at P. M. I. a faithful Christian. 7. "Little Women" of Egypt. 8. Daughter of a native pastor a boarder at P. M. I. Assiut Egypt. 9. Entrance to Pressley Memorial Institute Assiut, taken from the balcony of P. M. I. 10. Little "Princess" as her name is translated, doing her morning sweeping before Chapel in the P. M. I. where the girls do all the domestic work of the boarding school Assiut, Egypt. 11. Some of "Zamabs" Children who are not



GROUP NO. 2.

1. Chapel, Luxor Girls' School. 2. Laying of "Corner Stone" of new Shubra Church. 3. Sun-kissed heads. 4. Washing dirty hands before going to the Clinic. 5. School at Simbellawein (Mansurah District). 6. After a women's meeting in Jowli (Mr. Fairman). 7. Cairo girls enjoying "Feast Day." 8. "Future Mothers' Society" parading for Zaghloul in Tanta. 9. Women's Missionary Society of Fayoum. 10. The Hussinujah School. The School described in "Little Heroines." The girl to the extreme left is the one who was taken out to be married.